The Nation.

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The Week.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is entitled to credit for his veto of the McGarrahan Claim Bill. His reasons for the veto are well stated and are ample for all the purposes of justice. The McGarrahan claim itself might be quite meritorious without in any way justifying this bill, which proposes to put upon the United States all the cost of settling a disputed land-title between private parties. It looks as though McGarrahan had bought off the opposition of the New Idria Company by agreeing not to contest their claims or to ask a cent of money from them, but to take it all out of his uncle, or his adopted uncle, Sam. As to the merits of the claim, the public at large cannot possibly form a judgment, owing to the mere length of time during which it has been pressed. McGarrahan's pretended patent goes back to the year 1863. Any one who retraces the scandalous history of his appeal from the courts to Congress in 1869, will conclude that the President had no occasion to give any reasons for checkmating a fraudulent raid upon the Treasury. The claim was vigorously opposed by Gen. Garfield in the House, and it was one of the causes of Gen. Cox's resignation in 1870 that President Grant was induced by McGarrahan at Long Branch to overrule the Secretary of the Interior's decision to pass upon the claim of the New Idria Company.

Senator Carlisle's answer to Mr. Aldrich has stirred up the Republican brethren mightily, and they are not so content as they professed themselves to let the Rhode Island Senator's speech go out as the "keynote of the campaign." In fact, they now find that keynote to be decidedly off the proper pitch, and are trying in various ways to sound it so that it will be free from suspicious quavers and crackings. Senator Sherman reverted to the ancient melody in praise of dear goods, and said that Mr. Carlisle's demonstration that the McKinley Bill had increased the cost of living had no terrors for him, inasmuch as he was far from sure that cheapness was desirable. On Monday our own Senator tried his mouth at the keynote, and took the position that, since a large part of the increase of the cost in living was due to enhanced prices for agricultural products, the McKinley Bill could not be held chargeable for that advance, because "the prices of agricultural products are not really affected by the tariff legislation of 1890." This is rather hard on Senator Aldrich, "Uncle Jerry," and the *Tribune*, and their assertions that McKinley had put millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers. It is hardest of all on the New York Senator, who, two years ago, developed such a consuming interest in the farming population, and so emphatically said that the McKinley Bill was solely for their benefit, that he was at once dubbed "Farmer Hiscock." Altogether, the Republican choir is producing a fearful discord in its efforts to strike a keynote.

The speech of Senator White of Louisiana on the Anti-Option Bill is masterly, and defies synopsis or condensation. One branch of it deserves more notice than it received in the telegraphic summary. It was that which shows how the Minneapolis millers are interested in preventing option sales, since these have the effect to sustain the price of wheat immediately after harvest, when a great deal comes on the market, and when, if there were no option trading, the price would inevitably be forced down and the millers be enabled to get what they want on their own terms. The witness chosen by Senator White to prove his case was Mr. Pillsbury, the leading miller of Minneapolis. Mr. Pillsbury's testimony was given before the House Committee on Agriculture. He was asked what was the usual course of the market before option trading was introduced, and he replied that the millers generally accumulated their stocks while the farmers were selling their surplus rapidly. "The almost universal rule," he said, "used to be that you could buy the wheat cheaper at that time than at any other time." Again he said: "There was a time when the millers could always run on a profit years ago by buying wheat in the fall, say on an average of one dollar per bushel, and we were almost sure to make a good profit by carrying it until the time when the state of the roads, etc., prevented the deliveries being so large. I look on short selling as being the greatest impediment to the profit of the milling business in that way." Of course short selling and long buying go together, and the two things tend to equalize prices throughout the year—*i. e.*, to minimize the fluctuations, so that the farmer can get what his wheat is fairly worth at one time as easily as at another, regardless of the state of the roads. When Senator White quoted this testimony of Mr. Pillsbury, he took pains to say that he acquitted Senator Washburn of any other than a public interest in this question. Indeed, the Louisiana Senator was so profuse in personal disclaimers as to leave the impression that he considered Mr. Washburn the only perfectly disinterested miller in the country.

The result of the Alabama election on Monday is no surprise to those who have watched the progress of the campaign, for the success of the regular Democratic ticket has seemed assured all along. The Alliance movement in that State has been a noisy one, but it has proved only another case of "great cry and little wool." The overwhelming majority of the whites have voted the regular ticket, as was to have been expected, and this ticket appears to have received quite as many negro votes as the other one. This is not strange, for the Alliance side had nothing more to offer the blacks than the regulars. Northern Republicans cannot criticise the course of the negroes, for they consider the Alliance party so ridiculous that intelligent men ought not to support it, and they cannot afford to claim that the negroes are so ignorant that they should have been expected to support it. After this Alabama election we shall probably hear no more of the claim that the Alliance will carry any Southern State next November.

Secretary Foster's performance in appointing to the position of Immigrant Inspector at Baltimore an alien, who was brought to this country from Wales recently as a tin-plate worker in order to help in establishing the American tin-plate industry, is a thoroughly characteristic performance. It is similar to his selection of Schulteis as Special Immigration Commissioner. He made both appointments at the solicitation of men whom he supposed to be genuine representatives of Labor, but in both instances he discovered subsequently that he had been imposed upon. There is something delightful in the idea of pleasing American workingmen by giving a public office to a Welsh tin-plate worker who has not been in this country long enough to become a citizen, and who has been brought here to assist in establishing an industry which American workingmen are taxed to bring into existence.

It is gratifying to know that one class of intending swindlers under the McKinley tariff have not been able to carry out their intentions. We refer to the would-be makers of cotton hosiery who prevailed upon McKinley to raise the duty on those goods from a plain 40 per cent. ad valorem to a mixed ad-valorem and specific rate equal to 55 or 60 per cent. They made extensive preparations to levy their private tax on the consumers at the new rate, but the German manufacturers hit upon the plan of sending their goods uncolored, the profit on the dyeing and finishing being left to people on this side of the water. "The injury inflicted upon the domestic maker by this move," says the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*, "was deep, and it has given them a grievance which they are not likely to forget." We should say that it was a case where one set out to gather wool and came back shorn, and as it was not his own wool that he was trying

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to bag; he is not likely to find much sympathy; certainly not enough to get another advance in the tariff, which the *Reporter* suggests as the suitable remedy.

Four million dollars in gold was sent out to Europe by Saturday's steamers; an apt commentary on the efforts of certain enthusiasts to "obstruct" the foreign gold movement. It appears that Treasury notes and gold certificates served equally well the purposes of shippers in drawing gold from the Treasury, while the advance in local interest rates, which a group of bankers were to effect by calling in loans, in order to make gold shipments unprofitable, has turned out so amusing a fiasco that to-day loanable money is more plentiful in New York and money rates actually lower than they were when the experiment was begun. There is another striking fact in connection with this shipment. Week before last the foreign bankers drew heavily for exchange on their New York correspondents, and these much-berated exporters actually delayed meeting the drafts, in the hope that they could be "covered," as they were a year ago, in ordinary bills of exchange offered against prospective grain exports. The delay was fruitless, for no bills were to be had, and thus the closest analysis of the market has shown the gold exports to be transactions entirely in the line of legitimate trade. But if any patriot wished to be cheered up under these depressing circumstances, he should read the remarks of that eminent statistician Mr. Funston, in his report for the minority of the House Agricultural Committee. Pointing out that the fiscal year's merchandise exports exceeded the imports by $202,944,342, Mr. Funston concludes, cheerily, that we thus learn "that a large amount of the world's gold has been placed to our credit, if not actually landed on our shores and coined into currency." The McKinley tariff, he therefore infers, "has taken a long step towards a solution of the question of American currency by bringing to our country in one year enough gold to supply every man, woman, and child with $3.25." The only question remaining, after this lucid demonstration, is when the distribution of the European gold will begin.

Those who have believed that the European alarm over our currency situation ceased with the shelving of the Silver Bill will be somewhat disturbed by the recent utterances of the London papers. In the two leading financial weeklies of that city, just received by mail, the silver question is brought to the front in such a manner as to reflect grave uneasiness in the banking community. One of these journals devotes to the silver situation in the United States no less than three editorial articles, which are despondent to the last degree. They were written more than a week after the House of Representatives had buried the Stewart Bill, yet there is not a single allusion to that incident. This is of itself significant. Foreigners weighed very justly the chances of enactment of that measure. Its passage in the Senate was greeted neither by a fall in the London security market nor by a rise in the London silver market. It is, in short, not alone the possibility of American free silver coinage from which foreign observers read disaster, but the actual state of affairs as it now exists. Free coinage would make the situation worse, in the view of these critics; but with or without such a measure the outlook is very grave.

The Republican Convention in the Portland (Me.) district, which renominated ex-Speaker Reed the other day, adopted a platform which "points with pride" to the McKinley Law, and felicitates the country upon the fact that, under the operation of that law, "our imports, which Democratic orators said would shrivel, have increased to a point never before reached." This is a most extraordinary deliverance. It was *Republican* orators who said that under the McKinley Law imports would shrivel, and who declared that it would be the best thing possible for the country to have them shrivel. It was Mr. Aldrich, the manager of the bill in the Senate, who said:

> "I am in hopes that the general effect of this bill will be to decrease relatively the importations. I am in hopes that the ultimate result will be to reduce the relative importation of those goods and increase our own manufactures."

It was Mr. McKinley himself who said:

> "The chief complaint against this bill comes from importers and consignees here, on the one hand, and the foreign merchants and consignors abroad. Why do they complain? Manifestly because in some way this bill will check their business here, and increase the business of our own manufacturers and producers; it will diminish the importation of competing foreign goods and increase the consumption of our home-made goods. This may be a good reason to influence the foreigner to oppose its passage, but is hardly a sound reason why Americans should oppose it."

It is not yet two years since the law was passed, and yet Republicans now claim credit for it, not on the ground that it has diminished the importation of foreign goods, but that it has promoted such importation; and they even go so far as to "arraign" the Democrats for having predicted that it would restrict the entry of foreign-made goods, when it was their own orators who made the prophecies, and who congratulated the people upon this assured effect of its enactment.

There are conflicting reports as to the latest phase of the efforts which have been in progress so long to "placate Platt." Some accounts say emphatically that he is now certain to "get what he wants," and others say that there has been no change in the situation, and that he is still waiting to hear from the President. Of course these are only unauthorized statements as to the exact nature of the thing that Platt wants, but the best expert opinion inclines to the belief that it is not so much offices for others as an office for Platt himself. The following passage in one of Monday's Washington accounts of the situation gives a pretty plain hint as to the nature of the office which Platt has demanded: "A very serious report came from a Republican yesterday, who, in the last week or so, has conferred with the President. It was to the effect that certain changes in the Cabinet will be made in the event of Harrison's reëlection, if not before election." Platt has made no secret of the fact that he was given to understand by Harrison's representatives in the last campaign that he should have the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and that he regards the President's failure to offer it to him as an unpardonable breach of faith. He would probably not be content with a simple promise again, but would insist upon something more trustworthy. Of course a reorganization of the Cabinet which should put Platt into it before election would be much more acceptable to him than a promise.

The decision of the Michigan Supreme Court declaring unconstitutional the Redistricting Act for Senatorial and Representative districts, on the ground that it was an outrageous gerrymander, is to be heartily welcomed. There is nothing partisan about the attitude of the court, for at the same time that it thus overthrows an act of the last Democratic Legislature, it annuls for the same cause the gerrymandering act passed by a Republican Legislature in 1885. By the way, the Philadelphia *Press*, which has been asking for evidence that Republicans have been serious offenders in the matter of gerrymandering, may find what it sought in this decision.

Some temporary inconvenience has been occasioned in holding the elections both in Michigan and in Wisconsin on account of the decisions of the courts of those States that their recent division into electoral districts was so inequitable as to be unconstitutional. A special session of the Legislature of Michigan has been called for the purpose of correcting the apportionment, and the same course will be adopted, probably, in Wisconsin. This has been thought expedient, as it was not improbable that the Republicans might gain some party advantage by having the elections conducted according to the preëxisting divisions, which, if unequal in population, might be held to have become so by natural growth and not as the result of gerrymandering. While it is true that good government may be obtained through representatives having constituencies of very unequal size, yet it is in accordance with the spirit

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of our democratic age that the population of the representative districts should be substantially equal, and it is a wholesome thing for the courts to warn the party leaders that they are not to disregard this requirement. It is pretty safe to say that the courts will not hold an apportionment unconstitutional except upon very good grounds, and the decisions in Michigan and Wisconsin ought not to be without effect upon the whole country. If the Democrats lose in these States by these decisions, they have only themselves to blame, and must learn to be content with what they are fairly entitled to. It is frequently the case that an attempt by a party majority in a legislature to gain seats by marking out districts inequitably causes such general disgust among voters as to reverse the relative strength of parties, and it is rather strange that party leaders are unable to see that in redistricting, as in other things, honesty is the best policy.

The Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Act, which was passed by the recent Legislature of that State, went into effect on August 1. As we pointed out at the time of its introduction, it is a stringent measure in some directions, but seems to have loopholes which will prevent its complete success in practice. It requires strict accountability and sworn publication, by candidates, committees, and organizations, of all moneys received and disbursed, except that candidates may omit personal expenses from their returns. The most serious defect in the law is that, while forbidding the solicitation of contributions from candidates, it stipulates that any candidate "may make a voluntary payment of money or a voluntary and unconditional promise of payment of money to a political committee for the promotion of the principles of the party which the Committee represents, and for the general purposes of the Committee." This seems to recognize and perpetuate the "assessment" evil, which is the most pernicious of all the corrupt uses of money in nominations and elections.

It is a noteworthy and encouraging fact that the mortality due to a "hot spell" in this city is, proportionally to population, far less now than twenty years ago. Dr. Tracy of the Health Department points out that in one July day in 1872 there were 172 deaths from sunstroke, all of the victims dying within twenty-four hours after they were stricken, and nearly half of them in three hours' time, and that on that day there were 357 deaths from all causes, while "we thought the other day that 260 deaths were something awful," although the city is nearly twice as big now as it was then. The Doctor attributes the improvement to the fact that people have learned to take better care of themselves; that many who would have drunk considerable liquor in the early 70s do not touch it at all now; that many of those who do drink take beer instead of whiskey; that non-intoxicating drinks, such as mineral waters, lemonade, milk, etc., are sold, even in the saloons, far more generally than formerly; and that the summer diet is more sensible now than it used to be, especially in the immense growth in the consumption of fruit. So much folly in sanitary matters thrusts itself upon the public notice that it is gratifying to have such a demonstration as the vital statistics of the past week present that the mass of the population are really coming to live more sensibly.

If there is even a moderate basis of truth in the stories now coming from Russia, the situation of that State must presently be such as has no parallel in the history of modern Europe. That several districts are already overrun by the cholera epidemic, and that other districts are so utterly prostrated by famine as to make an early industrial revival out of the question, seems to be clearly proved. The information has not come through official sources; indeed, the authorities at St. Petersburg are preserving now the same silence as a year ago. It has been shown since then that the Government itself was not aware of the failure of the harvest of 1891 until measures of relief were almost too late, and that this was due to the preposterous system of red tape in the imperial administration. Provincial officers had grown so used to pigeon-holing appeals and complaints that they cast aside as petty annoyances the addresses of local assemblies who saw the coming ruin; so that what wheat there was had been cornered by greedy factors, and the horses and cattle of the famine district seized for debt, long before the Czar and his Cabinet awoke to the crisis. It is impossible that equal ignorance should prevail regarding the cholera; but no official statement comes from St. Petersburg, and the truth can be guessed at only by the panic among those who must know the facts. That most stringent measures have been adopted by Russia's western neighbors to stop the infection at the frontier, and that foreign merchant-ships are refusing to touch at Odessa, are facts which show the feeling of Europe on the question. If a national epidemic were to follow a national famine, the results upon Russia's future could not fail to be of grave significance. The internal afflictions have saddled enormous expenses on the Government, and the public revenue is crippled at the same time. The Government's financial statements defy analysis; yet even they have been forced to admit that revenue is running so far short of expenditure that further borrowing must be resorted to. The London *Economist* lately estimated from the Russian Finance Minister's statements that the year 1891 showed an actual deficit of $58,000,000. Famine relief expenditures, according to the same authority, must since then have reached $150,000,000, and are going forward now at the same rate. Yet the unused surplus of foreign loans, at the opening of the year, was only $170,000,000, including $60,000,000 which may not yet have been received from the proceeds of last fall's Paris loan. Of this loan, indeed, which broke down so sensationally, London writers say that all but a fraction remains still unsold in the hands of the negotiators.

The ministerial crisis in Norway has at last reached its only possible conclusion; the King has recalled Steen, and the question of a separate Norwegian consular service is to be reconsidered, which means its acceptance. This is the story of all proper demands on the part of the Norwegian Parliament. At first opposed by the King, they have finally been granted whenever popular opinion has been overwhelmingly in their favor. While this latest claim was made to a certain extent a party question, many Conservatives undoubtedly gave it their support. During the past thirty years the commerce of Norway has been fast outstripping that of her neighbor and confederate, until at present she ranks as one of the first commercial Powers of Europe. Conscious of their actual commercial superiority, the Norwegian people naturally chafe under a system that gives to the Swedish Foreign Office absolute control over the consular service of both countries. While continued opposition might not, as many feared, have dissolved the Union, it would undoubtedly have increased still further the hostile feeling to Sweden which radicals like Björnstjerne Björnsen are doing their best to foster

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An old Liberal points out in the Berlin *Nation* that it is only retributive justice which has overtaken Bismarck in his controversy with the Emperor. If that young man now acts as if he believed himself to be the Anointed of the Almighty, before whom all private and national wishes and interests must give way, he is but executing the teaching of the ex-Chancellor himself. The prerogatives of the Crown have never been more stoutly asserted than they were by Bismarck in the days when he had his own way with the Crown, and did not need to distinguish between its prerogatives and his own. More than once did he face a hostile majority in the Reichstag with the assumption, open or tacit, that popular representation was only a convenient way of getting the nation to acquiesce in the Emperor's will, which, after all, was the supreme law. That young William should have taken all this seriously, and applied Bismarck's teaching to Bismarck himself, puts him almost in the light of a Greek Nemesis.

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SENATOR ALDRICH'S SPEECH.

IT is Senator Aldrich's own fault if the reputation he has acquired as the great Republican "tariff expert" is largely that of an expert juggler with figures. If we were roundly to denounce as fraudulent the statistics which he brought forward in the Senate on Wednesday week, we should only be following his example; for no man ever surpassed him in repudiating figures which make against him. He now confidently adduces statistics furnished by importers, the Bureau of Statistics, United States Consuls, and the Department of Labor, yet in the course of the tariff debates of 1890 he cavalierly declared all these authorities to be unworthy of trust. On August 22, 1890, he said, when referred to Mr. Blaine's famous statistics relating to cotton manufactures in England: "I will simply reply that the statements are not correct." On July 26, he said: "If the Senator follows the statements of importers, he will find himself very often misled." Later in the debate of the same day he affirmed: "Nothing can be more misleading and uncertain than the average ad-valorem rates based upon data furnished at the Treasury Department." The labor-cost of steel rails as stated by Commissioner Wright, whom he now holds up as the highest authority, he flouted with similar contempt when the iron and steel schedules were under discussion.

Some other statements of his must be referred to while dealing with the question of his consistency. Alluding to the matter of tin plate, he said last week:

> "When the act of 1890 was before the Senate, I expressed great confidence that within three years, if the tin-plate duties were imposed, a considerable portion of the tin plate consumed in the United States would be of American production. I have no reason whatever to change the views then expressed. Everything that has happened since confirms their correctness."

The Senator is hardly accurate in recalling his own predictions on this head. On August 19, 1890, he said in reference to the provision that by 1897 the home production must equal one-third the importations: "I have no reasonable doubt that the American producers of tin plate will manufacture a very much larger proportion in every one of the five years than one-third." According to the statistics which he himself now brings forward, the proportion for the first year is actually less than one-fiftieth instead of one-third. This is the way that "everything that has happened since" has "confirmed the correctness" of his predictions of two years ago. The result must make him a little shaky about that other risky affirmation of his on September 30, 1890: "I am quite willing that the future of the protective policy should depend upon the success or failure of the duty imposed by this paragraph" (the tin-plate duty).

Mr. Aldrich, like his party, has got bravely over his scorn of cheap goods. In the face of his own avowal, made over and over again in the course of the debates in the Senate two years ago, that the higher rates of duty were intended to be "protective" against "the uniform and persistent decline in value during the past twenty-five years of all manufactured articles," he now glories in the fact that a decline in general prices of 64-100 of 1 per cent. occurred in the year following the McKinley Bill. It remains, nevertheless, to ask what the rate of decline was before the McKinley Bill, and what effect that measure had upon a movement towards lower prices for consumers which had been going on for a generation. All economists of standing now admit that for many years the prices of commodities have been declining while wages have been increasing, relatively or absolutely, and in a speech in reply to Mr. Aldrich on Friday Mr. Carlisle undertook to show that the "tariff act of 1890 had interfered with the natural tendency." In proof of this contention, he adduced prices and figures gathered by the Finance Committee going to show that the cost of living in the United States had increased during the period covered by the investigation, taking that period as a whole, and not singling out one day alone for comparison, as Senator Aldrich had done. Then he delivered a knock-down blow by showing that the increases in wages discoverable by the Committee had been mainly in unprotected industries, while in protected industries wages had, as a whole, declined under the operation of the McKinley Bill. He took fifteen cases of unprotected labor and showed that in them wages had advanced 75-100 of 1 per cent., and then proved that in fifteen instances of protected labor wages had gone down 89-100 of 1 per cent.

We for our part will cite the testimony of an expert who will be recognized as unimpeachable by Senator Aldrich. We refer to Col. W. M. Grosvenor, one of the editors of the *Tribune*, who published in that journal on January 3, 1890, under his own name, an interesting statement of the decline in prices which had been going on for some time. He said: "From January 27, 1888, to June 3, 1889, the decline was about 14 per cent." That is to say, his investigations ended at the very month when the Senate Finance Committee took up theirs. Mr. Grosvenor took a period of eighteen months, and found a decline in prices of 14 per cent. The Senate Committee chose a following period of twenty-eight months, and found a decline of 64-100 of 1 per cent. Why this great contrast? What stopped the decline? Could it have been the McKinley Bill?

Now, if the Republicans continued to talk as they did two years ago, this showing would be a great triumph for them. They then saw great dangers in cheapness. Prices were perilously low, and manufacturers were not making any money. The tariff must be put up and prices with it, so that they could make more. We say that if the Republicans had not abandoned that position, they could now point to their handiwork and say: "See what we have done. Prices were declining at the rate of 14 per cent. in eighteen months. Our tariff has checked that ruinous decline, and done it almost completely in spite of the continued decrease in the cost of transportation and production." There could be no reply to that. But the Republicans have suddenly found out that they are great friends of cheapness. Their McKinley Bill was specially designed to lower prices. If that is the case, what an egregious blunder it was! While they were letting the tariff alone prices were going down rapidly; their tinkering with it has almost entirely stopped the decline. If they are really advocates of low prices, they ought at once to repeal their bill and restore the old rates, under which their now lauded, but then reprobated, cheapness was in full swing.

In Senator Vest's brief rejoinder he accurately expressed the sentiment of his party in welcoming the fullest and sharpest discussion of the tariff in all its antecedents and all its effects. What honest men want is trustworthy facts honestly and intelligently interpreted; and the more of them we can get the better. We regret to add that Senator Carlisle showed Senator Aldrich to have been guilty of two disreputable tricks. That gentleman brought forward, as if with the sanction of the Finance Committee, certain alleged facts relating to the cost of living in England, and also as to prices in this country in May, 1892. Mr. Carlisle stated, and was not contradicted, that "the Committee had made no investigation whatever concerning the cost of living in England," and that he had learned of the "investigation" into prices in May, 1892, "for the first time when he had seen the statement in print." If Senator Aldrich has any explanation to give for this shameless attempt to impose upon the public, he ought to lose no time about it.

CONNECTICUT'S BALLOT LESSON.

THE findings of fact in the Phelan case, as made by Judge Hall in the Superior Court of Connecticut, are the result of what has probably been the longest, most vexatious, and most complex election trial ever held in this country. The case has been in court about a year and a half, and continuously under trial for some six weeks; hearings had to be held in several parts of the State, and the summoning of about 500 witnesses and the investigation of the count at more than 200 voting-places became necessary. The chief value of this sharp judicial scrutiny is the light it throws on the general subject of secret-ballot laws, and especially on the unwisdom of the hybrid type of statute which Connecticut adopted in 1889, and to which must be charged the disgraceful

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state of affairs existing in that State today.

Let us take a single branch of the outcome of this statute as set forth by the findings of Judge Hall. In the suit of Talcott against Philbrick, wherein Governor Bulkeley figured so discreditably, the Supreme Court of the State, interpreting the new Ballot Act, used these words:

"What is the ballot? It consists not merely of the paper of the prescribed size and quality, but also of the required printing thereon. If the name of the party may be omitted, so may the name of the candidate or office. *If either of the last two is left out, its validity as a ballot is destroyed.*"

The italicized words seem to make it as clear as the English language can that the Connecticut ballots must be issued primarily in legal form—that is, with the places of all the candidates filled and with no blanks whatever, if they are to be valid; and subsequent to the election Judge Hall himself, in the East Lyme Judge of Probate contest, held this view, and went still further in saying that the filling of the blanks by "pasters" did not validate the State ballot on which, under the Connecticut law, the name of the candidate for Judge of Probate is printed. Now, the Talcott-Philbrick decision of the Supreme Court was rendered in September of 1890, or only about two months before the State election of that year. One would think that it constituted sufficient notice to the political parties who print and distribute the Connecticut ballots that they must contain a full list of candidates.

What were the facts? Of the Prohibition ballots, some 3,500 in number, thrown at the State election of 1890, nearly two-thirds were left blank as to Judge of Probate. All the "Labor" ballots, 209 in number, had the same defect, besides a blank under the title of State Senator. In nine towns the Democratic ballot had the same flaw, which, accepting the Supreme Court's language, will invalidate some 1,500 ballots. Altogether nearly 4,000 ballots out of about 135,000 thrown in the State bear this defect, or say 3 per cent. Could any commentary be more conclusive as to the arrant folly of letting the party managers prepare the ballots as the Connecticut "envelope" system allows to be done? Strangely enough, too, the Town Moderators, although they threw out many ballots for causes legal and illegal, did not exclude one on the "blank" ground which the Supreme Court of the State had set forth so recently and so strongly, and which has been a leading point of contention on both sides in the long Phelan case.

This error as to blanks, though the most serious in the election, was but one among many. Sixty Democratic ballots in the town of Hartland bore the name of the party candidate for Senator in another district. All the eighty Democratic ballots in the town of Lyme had a mark erasing a wrong letter in a candidate's name. Forty ballots in Litchfield bore the name of a candidate irregularly spelled. There were 126 Republican ballots in Bridgeport which the Chairman of the local Republican Committee allowed to be given out with broken type-marks upon them, which the Supreme Court may hold to be fatal to validity. There were 129 Republican ballots in North Canaan issued with the name of Judge of Probate in handwriting. There were ballots folded in a peculiar way, ballots "distinguished" by pasters with strange names over certain minor candidates, ballots folded with political circulars in the "official" envelopes, and other errors corrupt or accidental, but all directly due to or greatly facilitated by the fact that party managers, instead of sworn election officers, gave out the ballots. This has been the fatal defect in the present Connecticut election law, signed by Gov. Bulkeley after his veto of a bill providing for a genuine secret and official ballot act modelled on that of Massachusetts.

In its party aspects the decision of Judge Hall is a sharp rebuke of the Republican rascality which kept out the minor Democratic State officers in order not to "hamper" Bulkeley's administration. By the Judge's finding as to law, Phelan's prima-facie majority of 544 is but slightly reduced, and can hardly be overcome by any decision which the Supreme Court may make next September on the many and varied points of law involved, and it may be actually increased. Only a single vote is changed among the 509 "doublet" ballots on which the Republican House during the long deadlock has based its argument for keeping Phelan out. The complexities of the case show also the utter absurdity of the Republican idea that two partisan legislative bodies could undertake the investigation of the ballots all over the State and reach any practical results. The whole Democratic State ticket, with the exception of one candidate, who is dead, is almost sure to be renominated, and at the coming election we shall have a most valuable test as to how far the Republican knaveries have touched the electoral conscience of a New England State.

But the prime lesson from the Connecticut case is a broader and deeper one than party or locality. The Secret-Ballot Act of that State was one of those hasty and loose-jointed laws expressly devised by the politicians as a substitute for Australian voting, for ballots really official, and for the prevention of bribery and terrorism. They intended to pass such a law as could easily be violated and dodged, and they have succeeded at the cost of the good name of the State, have deadlocked the Legislature, and have brought about a condition of executive affairs which, at times, has very nearly approached chaos. If here is not a warning against the half-baked measures by which the politicians try so hard to cripple the Australian system, we do not know where such a warning can be found.

THE GLUT OF CAPITAL.

THE low rate of interest has been made the theme of an interesting debate in the Political Economy Society of Paris. Many opinions were expressed, but that of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu was the one best supported by the evidence. He quoted the fine simile of Turgot, who described the rate of interest as a species of level, below which all work, all culture, all industry, all commerce, cease; while as it sinks like the surface of a receding flood, first mountain-tops become fertile islands, then plateaus and plains and rich valleys become available for production. But the comparison is not altogether accurate, for while a low rate of interest makes greater production possible, it implies under some circumstances a less proportional return for labor.

For if we inquire why capital is remunerated, the only answer is because it is productive, and if the rate of remuneration declines, other things remaining unchanged, it is evident that capital is becoming less productive. That this is the case in old countries like France, M. Leroy-Beaulieu furnished much evidence to prove. Such a country is approaching the "stationary state." The inhabitants of a long-settled territory, after a period of peace and civilization, come to be in the position of a well-to-do citizen who has adjusted himself to his surroundings and adjusted his surroundings to his own wants. He has a house which he has gradually adapted to his use, he has furnished it to his taste, his grounds and outbuildings are substantially finished, he has introduced water and provided drainage, he has a suitable equipage, and there is not much, except current expenses, upon which it is very necessary for him to spend any considerable sums. Were he to do so, the gratification he would derive would be in a diminished ratio to the expenditure, which is precisely analogous to a lessened return upon the capital of a nation.

In a long-settled country like France, the system of highways is practically complete, and most of the necessary railways have been constructed. Suitable public buildings have been erected, and such drainage and waterworks as the sentiment of the country demands have been supplied. Of course there is an indefinite field for future improvements, but these improvements are not indispensable; they are of the nature of luxuries rather than necessaries. Accordingly of late years even the French Government has admitted that the main features of its extravagant scheme of internal improvements have been completed, and has decreased the amount of its budget. The signification of this is that the field for the productive employment of capital has been narrowed; that new investments of capital are less productive than formerly. There will be new railroads built, but they will have less advantageous lines than the old. There will be new mines opened, but they will not be so rich as those that have been worked. The canal through the Isthmus of Suez

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proved profitable, but that attempted at the Isthmus of Panama has shown that such profits are not necessarily to be derived from similar works in the future. In corroboration of these propositions, M. Leroy-Beaulieu enumerates the financial institutions, such as the Comptoir d'Escompte, that have collapsed and disappeared of recent years in France without being replaced by others, or that have been reorganized with diminished capital. Some new institutions, it is true, have been created, but they are comparatively insignificant, and, almost without exception, their stocks are below par. Such new railroads as have been built since 1871 are supported only by guarantees. They may amount in length to 20,000 kilometres, and on not more than 3,000 or 4,000 is the traffic sufficient to bring any return to the capital invested. In general, M. Leroy-Beaulieu concludes, after a careful survey of the principal channels followed by capital, that the investments of the last twenty years have been notably inferior in their financial results to those of the twenty years preceding.

Turning to England, we learn from the *Economist* that the channels of investment for capital have been greatly narrowed. Fewer foreign loans have been made, fewer railroads have applied for additional capital than formerly. The total called for in 1891 was £105,000,000 against £143,000,000 during the previous year, and £190,000,000 in 1889. Moreover, in spite of the current low rates of interest, the foreign and colonial borrowers have had to accept harder terms, showing that it is not thought that their use of new money will be so productive as their use of that which they have hitherto expended. The Dominion of Canada sold its bonds this year for 92 per cent., while in 1888 it got 95 per cent. The same thing took place in Indian stock, the minimum being fixed at 94, whereas two years ago it was 99 per cent. It is but three years since the Australian colony Victoria received over 103 for a loan, while this year it has been obliged to place the minimum as low as 92 in order to borrow what it wants.

In point of fact, if we take a survey of the world, the field for investment has been in many ways greatly narrowed. Most national governments have shown the tendency long since remarked by Adam Smith, and borrowed until they were either bankrupt or so near it that no one would lend them any more. The English investor has tried every government under the sun, and, after a tolerably uniform experience of disaster, has about stopped lending for lack of borrowers not already in default. Little more money will go for the present into South America, not much more to Canada or to Australia or to India, until the silver problem is settled. Italy has reached her borrowing limit, and Russia has passed it. Spain and Portugal can offer no inducements, and it might almost be said that there is now not a government that has any occasion to borrow that could do so to advantage. And what is true of governments is to a considerable extent true of the corporations within their limits. While it is a fact that in many parts of the world there are still great opportunities for the employment of capital, yet these opportunities are not upon the whole equal to those that have already been utilized, nor are they relatively so numerous as before. Even where these opportunities are as extensive and intrinsically attractive as in this country, there are a good many reasons why foreign investors should prefer to keep their money in their own hands. As we pointed out a year ago, if we should come to a silver basis, it would ruin most of our railroads, for they would be prevented by existing statutes from charging more than certain prescribed rates, which they would receive in silver, while all other prices would rise. We may feel now that we have escaped this danger, but it will naturally be some time before we can impart this confidence to foreigners.

ENGLISH ELECTIONEERING DODGES.

THE brutality which marked the late electoral contests in Great Britain was no novelty in English methods of political warfare, and therefore need not be dwelt upon; but some of the more amusing electioneering contrivances resorted to, and strange electoral results arrived at in consequence, are worth remarking. The stringency of the Corrupt Practices Act makes even indirect bribery of voters a perilous business, and is responsible for some of the shifts adopted. It is an old trick, however, for candidates to "identify themselves with local institutions," or, in plain English, subscribe to local charities or what not in return for votes. This process was carried to a novel extreme in London in the last election, where more than one candidate not only gave a subscription to associations in his district, but actually joined them. Several cases are reported of West End Tories standing for East End constituencies; who made much of the local friendly societies and local clubs, and became members of the "Loyal Friends," the "Ancient Shepherds," the "Buffaloes," the "Druids," and so on. It is, no doubt, a great promoter of true democracy to put yourself in a position to be clapped on the back as a fellow-Ancient Shepherd by a great many constituents; and if they give you their votes as a further mark of good feeling, where is the corruption in that?

Several metropolitan districts witnessed the application of an original form of social influence in the shape of "at homes" or "drawing-rooms" given by wealthy candidates as a means of ingratiating themselves with their working-class constituents. This yields a beautiful demonstration of social equality. An account of one of these affairs says that "the workingmen soon find much to interest them in the delicate fabric of the carpet, in the antique furniture and the old china." This method of securing political support must have been too great an affront to self-respecting workingmen to bring much success, but it deserves mention among the electioneering novelties of the year. Antique furniture and old china have not been unknown in American campaigning, though we have taken the terms more literally, and meant the rough furnishing of the "cabin" to which it was once thought necessary that every "man of the people" should be able to trace back his career. The snobbishness of one case is about the same as that of the other.

However strictly the election laws may suppress bribery, there seems to be no way in which they can arrest campaign canards. An amusing collection of the illusions under which many voters cast their ballots could be made from the numerous cases reported in the English papers. These fancied political issues were sometimes the work of the freeman's own muddled head, and sometimes the natural, if not designed, effect of statements made in election addresses, speeches, and posters. Thus, one correspondent of the *Times* writes:

> "I was told last week by a very intelligent hospital porter resident in Battersea, and a strong supporter of Mr. Burns, that many of the workingmen in that division were in favor of home rule simply because they thought it would lead to work being found for all Irishmen in Ireland, and would thus prevent them from overcrowding the English labor market as at present."

As an offset to this may be quoted the statement of a member of the Women's Liberal Federation:

> "I have been for the past ten days with a friend speaking and working in Mid Bucks for the Gladstonian candidate, each taking different villages and meetings; and my friend was told, in the presence of another lady, by the wife of a workingman, that her husband would vote for the Unionist, as he had been told that if a home-rule bill were passed all the people in the village would have to become Roman Catholics or else be burnt with fagots on the village green. My friend came across the same belief in another and distant village, and I came upon traces of it in various places in the division, so that it had evidently been systematically set about."

To these novel phases of the home-rule question, as that question shapes itself in the intellect of the English elector, must be added another, furnished by a Gladstonian poster in East Wilts. The candidate in that constituency interpreted home rule to mean "local self-government for Ireland and for the villages of England," and was said to have got many votes from those who expected to see a village council set up on the spot. At any rate, the district gave a Liberal gain of one, though the victory may have been due in part to the other war-cry of the candidate: "If they wanted the price of bread to go back to three and four shillings a gallon, let them go and vote for the Tory party." In fact, the defeated Tory candidate attributes his overthrow to the latter cry, writing to the *Times:* "The laborers,

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and especially their wives, honestly believed that if I were elected, food would go to famine-prices, and the line they took was, 'It mayn't be true, but we won't give 'em a chance.' I can safely say I have never seen so violent or revengeful a spirit as was exhibited by the wives of the laborers at the end of my contest." Such incidents illustrate the fatal as well as wholly gratuitous blundering of Lord Salisbury's protection speech at Hastings.

The workings of political argument on the peasant mind are usually a great mystery, and some of the reasoning processes of Hodge in the late election are curious enough as reported. "Yes," said a Sussex elector, "I'm against home rule, but certainly Lord H—— do manage his cows terrible well." It is obvious that, in such a case, the far-away and abstract bogey, home rule, will not count for as much as that wonderful knack with the cows, in evidence on the spot every day, and that Lord H—— will get the coveted vote. Mr. Schnadhorst is about the only Liberal prophet who came out of the campaign with any reputation left, and the accuracy of his predictions in regard to the county elections shows that he must know his peasants as well as George Eliot or Mr. Hardy himself.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, July 23, 1892.

THE Irish National politician would indeed have been thought a Cassandra who, three years ago, should have predicted that the general election would come and go without an immediate triumphant settlement regarding Home Rule being assured. Like toilers up a mountain-side, we have reached what long appeared to be the summit, and yet now other heights remain to be surmounted. There is, however, no reason for discouragement. Ireland has passed more safely through the ordeal than could at all reasonably have been expected. If a satisfactory settlement within the next few years can be attained, it will be more enduring than if one had been snatched six years ago. We are working not for a passing political triumph, but for all time. Our difficulty has long been the disgrace of Western civilization. The completeness of its solution is of greater importance than the few years more or less spent in its attainment. The human mind is, however, prone to adapt itself to circumstances, and it is not always easy to judge the degrees in which the inevitable and the best affect our thoughts and judgment. The more the events and tendencies of the past ten years are considered, the more content we should be to make the best of present surroundings. Well-disposed people of all parties in the United Kingdom have been sobered. We are in the same boat and have common interests, and we have common dangers to face. The fusillading at Homestead concerns us as well as you.

The elections prove that the force of the Home Rule movement in Ireland has somewhat weakened. We had eighty-five united Nationalist representatives; we have now but eighty, nine of whom are unpledged, independent adherents only. But seeing the extent to which land reform has calmed the agrarian agitation, it may be that the present is a more remarkable evidence of national desires than were the elections of 1885 and 1886. The opposition in Ireland to Home Rule has undoubtedly strengthened. Notwithstanding the fact that a larger proportion of the present Nationalist members are Protestants, the political cleavage between Protestants and Catholics is more apparent than ever. We must, however, remember that the movement at first took the ascendency party by surprise. They have since had ample time to recruit and dress their ranks, to boycott and frighten weaker brethren into agreement. They have brought up their numbers from eighteen to twenty-three. The sun of a Home Rule viceroyalty will, without doubt, again warm many into national feeling; and there is nothing in their opposition to lead us to doubt that they would quickly make the best of an accomplished settlement and merge their interests in the interest of the country at large. Recent developments ought to assure them regarding their own strength, and the impossibility of imposing upon them legislation or disabilities of a class or sectarian character.

Ireland returns altogether 103 members. So long as our affairs are managed in the Imperial Parliament, any reduction of this number on the ground of reduction in population would be unfair. For the first forty years of the union our population would have entitled us to 150 in excess of this number; and for nearly forty years more we were entitled to a number, gradually decreasing, in excess of our 103. It is only within the past fifteen years that we have been in excess. Of the 103, 80 are, as has been said, for Home Rule, 23 against. Of the 32 counties, 25 are completely Nationalist, 2 completely Conservative; in 5 the representation is mixed. Ulster is a purely geographical expression. Neither it nor the other provinces have any legal existence. Since the abolition of the presidentships early in the seventeenth century, the provincial divisions have had no historical basis. The provincial idea has place only in the minds of persons residing in the northeast of the country. Never elsewhere in the island is a man heard to confine his thoughts or his interests to his own province. In Belfast alone is a time kept (one minute and a half fast) different from that of Dublin. Yet, remembering that the relative numbers of the representatives in Ulster was used as an argument against "Ulsteria," it is right to note that there is now in the province a majority of 19 to 14 against Home Rule, instead of 17 to 16 in its favor. Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan are completely National; Antrim and Derry, Conservative; in Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, and Tyrone the representation is divided. Regarding the rest of Ireland, Dublin University is, as it has always been, Conservative. South County Dublin fell to the Conservatives in fair fight, and one Dublin city seat through division. The rest of Ireland went National.

The divisions of opinion in the country have perhaps never before been more fairly represented. Five of the 23 Conservatives call themselves Liberal Unionists. The name, apart from Conservative, has, however, no political significance whatever in Ireland. The chief interest centred round the struggle between Nationalists and the Parnellites, who, where the Conservatives had no men of their own up, received from them all possible support, moral and material. No stranger political combination has been perfected than that brought about in Ireland between the party pledged to oppose Home Rule in any form, and the party which declares that that proffered by the English Liberals is not wide enough. If anything could rouse honest Home-Rulers among the Parnellites to their position, it should be the avidity with which their journals are read and approved by the Conservatives, and the manner in which they themselves are being now regarded with approval as (according to a familiar Irish expression) "white-headed boys." The Nationalists went into the struggle 54, the Parnellites 31. They have emerged 71 and 9. The Parnellites are, upon their own theory that they are watch-dogs to keep the National sheep in order, well placed. Dublin, in the east, returns four; Clare and Galway, in the west, three; Roscommon, in the north, one; and Waterford, in the south, one. Of the Nationalists, 27 are men new to British Parliamentary life; none of them having been before widely known in Ireland but Mr. Davitt. Among the old members, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Sullivan have lost somewhat in prestige by being relegated from Derry, Belfast, and Dublin, respectively, to county constituencies.

It is interesting to note that the Nationalist, the moderate party, more or less in alliance with the English Liberals, comprises the old "'48 men," those who as Fenians were sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered, and suffered long terms of imprisonment, and the gray-haired veterans of Mr. Butts's time; while of the extreme, the "hillside" party, all but two are comparatively recent recruits, and five out of the nine have enjoyed Government appointments. The small numbers polled by Conservatives where they put up candidates outside Dublin in National Ireland, proves the untruthfulness of the assumption that the country only desired freedom from the domination of the League to declare for Mr. Balfour. There is nothing to show that, except perhaps in isolated districts, the Catholic clergy exercised more than legitimate influence on the side they thought right. Had they declined to take any part in the contest, a much stronger case might have been made against them on other grounds than any which can now be made because of undue influence. Parnellism draws its strength from varied sources—an honest belief that it is the best and only policy for Ireland; anti-clerical feeling among Catholics; fealty to Mr. Parnell's memory; dislike, at least profound suspicion, regarding Mr. Gladstone and the English; the degree in which the avowal of Parnellism leaves men free to "grab" farms as against Nationalists, and the ready excuse it offers for no longer contributing to National subscriptions and National levies. Besides this, it implies a lofty standard of patriotism without the obligation of personal service, and it at once insures acceptance into favor by Conservative neighbors—by no means an unimportant consideration to tradesmen and professional men. Parnellism is strong among country doctors and solicitors, bank clerks, railway officials, and others who up to the date of Mr. Parnell's fall had kept clear of politics, or at the most taken but a half-hearted interest therein.

Grave danger is to be anticipated from the ill-concealed determination of many members of the Parnellite party to justify the contention that the attainment of Home Rule without Mr. Parnell's leadership is an impossibility. The worst may arise from the apparent ease with which we lend ourselves to factionism; our tendency rather to level down than level up; the ear we give to catch cries and biting political criticism; our fear of ridicule. An

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Irish audience is easily imposed upon by a rowdy minority, and shamed out of its real feelings and better self by a glib speaker. We have an inherent dread of differing face to face from those whose good opinion we desire to conserve. The healthiest and best developments of Irish Catholicism, the entire sympathy and respect which have heretofore existed between the clergy and the people, are, it appears to many, seriously threatened. It is difficult to say to what extent this arises from the spread of modern ideas and intercourse with other countries, to what extent from the degree to which the clergy are leading more comfortable lives apart from the laity. Any one who knows Ireland well may be pardoned for not desiring to have to pass through a period in which the people of the country generally would be divorced in sympathy from the clergy of that faith which has been and is to them the highest exposition of spiritual life and hope.

The labor question, whatever it may be, both in Great Britain and in Ireland, might prove a serious complication. Disaster would assuredly follow any serious attempt to justify Mr. Davitt's assumption that the Irish party is practically a "labor" party. Our English friends upon the whole have assuredly grasped the principles upon which a sound social fabric can be built up in Ireland; they have discounted the contention that the peace which here reigns at present is due to Mr. Balfour's policy of perpetual coercion. Those who were attracted to an excited consideration of the Irish question, as something curious and novel, through the turmoil and imprisonments of the earlier years of Mr. Balfour's régime, have gradually slid back into the ranks of Conservatism.

When all is said, it must be apparent that if Ireland is true to herself, she holds the political game in her own hands. There are, however, tendencies apart from politics that make against her settled and solid growth. Travelling round the country, I asked why athletic clubs, literary associations, and music were not more thoroughly cultivated, and I was almost invariably told that the best members soon sought a wider sphere for their talents in Great Britain and the United States. Wandering out early one morning from a country town for fresh air, during the height of the election, I looked over a beautiful prospect of land and sea. "What a country this might be!" I exclaimed to a young stranger who stood beside me. "And yet, what hope is there?" he rejoined. "Of four hundred school-fellows, I can count but five at home, while during a residence of a few months on the Californian slope I met thirty-six of them." D. B.

THE DECORATIONS AT CHICAGO.

LONDON, July 14, 1892.

THE papers and magazines of late have been full of the Chicago Exhibition. The buildings have been described, the results foretold—in a word, every detail so accurately explained that one wonders what will remain to be said when this newest World's Fair opens. Then it will be time, I suppose, to begin to talk about the Paris show of 1900. Despite all that has been written, however, I have seen but little reference to the proposed mural decoration of two of the larger buildings. And yet nothing in the entire Exhibition is even now of more importance to the artist and the public alike. It is not only because one looks forward with interest to learn what men of such distinction as Mr. MacEwen and Mr. Melchers will accomplish when working on a large scale and carrying out a definite decorative scheme; but their designs will, in all probability, give the art of the painter in America that impetus in the right direction which it has so long needed.

It is true that the manner in which commissions have been intrusted to the different architects employed has established an admirable precedent. And again, it speaks well for public undertakings in the future that the advantage of securing the advice of Mr. St. Gaudens for all sculptural decorations has been recognized. The least appreciative man who has followed the illustrations in recent articles on the subject in the *Century* must admit that the Exhibition will lose nothing by the substitution of the sculptor for the old time-honored cheap stone mason. Of course, of this the artist never had a doubt. I felt the gain still more keenly when, in Paris, I saw in Mr. MacMonnies's studio the model of the great fountain, and, above all, the colossal figures of Time and Fame, upon which he was then at work, and which are almost Michael-Angelesque in their dignity and the beauty and impressiveness of their colossal proportions, and in the vigor of their modelling. Indeed, while the model could not quite satisfy me as to the ultimate effect of the fountain as a whole, of the power displayed and success attained in each individual figure there could be only one way of thinking.

However, when all is said, it is to the decoration of the interior that special interest is attached. Our absurd modern picture exhibitions show more and more with every year the demoralizing effect of the false conditions under which the modern painter labors. Painting, as well as sculpture, may be said to be dependent upon architecture; its main end is decoration, and if the artist does not know the building or the walls which he is to decorate, it is by a mere fluke that his designs, when placed in private room or public hall, fulfil this end. However good in themselves, their effect may be entirely destroyed by incongruous surroundings. The reason why thirteenth and fourteenth-century frescoes seem to-day such marvels, the reason why our so-called decorative artist (as though the very name artist did not imply the prefix decorative) despairs of rivalling them, is because the old men did not work in the dark, as it were, but knew from the beginning the interior they were to decorate and its architectural characteristics, how the light would fall upon their designs, and with what other decorations these would be expected to harmonize. Nothing has so helped to bring art in France to its present high standard (from which, however, it now threatens to fall rapidly away) as the chance given to distinguished artists to decorate important public buildings. Much of the best contributions to the two Salons are always the ceilings and panels for the Paris Hôtel de Ville, or that of some other large French town; the Panthéon has been the best of training-schools. Puvis de Chavannes, Besnard, Laurens, Chabas have all achieved their greatest triumphs in fulfilling these municipal or State commissions. With us there is the constant outcry that we have no genuine American art. Art knows no nationality; but if this means that we have no artists who have done great work *in* America, it is simply because none have been allowed to prove what they can really do. What can a man accomplish who paints for an exhibition where his picture must somehow attract attention; where, if it be without striking eccentricity of subject or treatment, likelier than not it is passed unnoticed? The painting for picture shows tells nothing, and, unfortunately, few Americans can afford to paint for any other object than to exhibit in galleries, large or small. If the artistic development of illustration has been almost phenomenal since the days of Menzel, it is chiefly because illustrators have had the great advantage of knowing where and how their drawings were to be used. Like the painters of old, they have been able to work in broad daylight. A step in advance was taken when Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent were invited to decorate the Boston Public Library; but I understand that the commission intrusted to them is due to private munificence. On the other hand, the decoration of the Chicago Exhibition buildings is a public undertaking, and, though the designs will be seen but temporarily, they should appeal to a far larger audience. This is why one cannot help hoping that much good will result from them.

The Chicago scheme does not err on the side of over-elaboration.* In the Palace of the Liberal Arts there is to be a decoration over each of the four doorways, two to be painted by Mr. MacEwen and two by Mr. Melchers. Of the qualifications of these artists for the task it is useless to speak. Their work is well known at home and in Paris, where they are among the most conspicuous contributors to one or the other of the Salons. Wherever they have exhibited, they have received medals, both are *hors concours* in Paris, and, if decorations count for anything, they have plenty to show. Many of their canvases have been of fairly large Salon dimensions, but as yet they have never attempted anything on the scale of the designs they are now preparing for Chicago. When I was in Paris, they had made their preparatory sketches and were just beginning to carry these out, though the final work will be done on the spot in Chicago, which is as it should be: effects of light and color can then be modified or strengthened until they are in perfect harmony with their actual surroundings. Their subjects are appropriate to a Palace of the Liberal Arts: Music, Art, Industry, and Sport; and the treatment they have decided upon is no less in keeping with the architectural design of the building. The architects have chosen classic models: Mr. MacEwen and Mr. Melchers have deserted for the time their favorite Dutch peasants' costumes and backgrounds for classical forms and composition. It is too soon to consider these critically; they must first be seen on the walls they are meant to decorate. Until then there is nothing more to be said, unless I add that Mr. MacEwen's figures will almost all be draped, while those by Mr. Melchers will be mostly nude. And really, since their talent as painters has long since been tested, it is with their power as decorators that we are now concerned; and of it no judgment can be formed until the work is completed. The future of art in the United States must be influenced, for good or for ill, by the measure of their accomplishment.

In the Woman's Building, also, the chief decorations are confined to the two doorways. Here the artists appointed are, naturally, women: Miss Cassatt and Mrs. MacMonnies. Both, like Mr. MacEwen and Mr. Melchers, live, for part of the year at least, and work, in Paris. Miss Cassatt is a woman whose reputation, though she exhibits seldom, was long

*It has been considerably enlarged since our correspondent wrote, and we understand that Messrs. Sargent, Vedder, Simmons, Weir, Kenyon Cox, Beckwith, Twachtman, Maynard, Metcalf, and others are to be given a chance to show what they can do in decorative painting.—ED. NATION.

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since made. When she has exhibited, it has been in the Salon des Indépendants, a fact which at once explains her methods and sympathies. Her name, however, is far better known than her work; that this is good is certainly the opinion of such men as Manet and Degas, Pissarro and Monet, whose friend and fellow-worker she has always been. It is the modern woman glorified by Worth she intends to treat; and with her, as with Mr. MacEwen and Mr. Melchers, while one may be sure of what she will get out of her subject, one has yet to learn how well she can adapt it and her methods to large mural decoration. Mrs. MacMonnies has still her own name to make; hers is an opportunity afforded to few women of her age, but she could have no better incentive.

In the Woman's Building, therefore, as in the Palace of the Liberal Arts, interest for the artist centres. There will be, no doubt, much that is delightful in the exhibition of pictures, which promises to be second in completeness only to that of Paris in 1889. But whatever the pleasure it can give, whatever the service it can render to the student, we already know not only the uses but the abuses of the picture gallery; we have yet to learn the importance and extent of the artistic outcome in America of the new departure in the mural decoration of public buildings. N. N.

HUGO'S JOURNEYS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

PARIS, July 21, 1892.

THE literary executors of Victor Hugo seem bent on publishing as many volumes as they can: nothing shall be lost, not even a line, of what the great poet left in his drawers. Would he have published all that is given to us? I doubt it; he was one of those men who do their thinking pen in hand and throw everything on paper. Many of these notes hardly deserve the honor which is now paid to them; they often make us think of the "dormitat Homerus." Few people, on the whole, will take the trouble to read the "Théâtre en liberté," "La fin de Satan," "Choses vues," "Toute la Lyre," "Les Jumeaux," "Amy Robsart." There is a volume in preparation under the title 'Ocean'; we may almost guess what its contents will be—what an accumulation of adjectives, what comparisons! Pierre Loti has made us a little fastidious by publishing his 'Pêcheur d'Islande,' and he has also tired us somewhat with descriptive literature.

I confess having opened with some diffidence a new volume called 'En voyage: France et Belgique,' though I am fond of reading books of travel. I must acknowledge, however, that I was agreeably disappointed; I found in the volume the real Victor Hugo, young, ardent for mediæval architecture, with all the fire of the Romantic school in him. The Romantic movement was a true revival; the Romanticists professed a great love of the past, of Gothic as opposed to Classic architecture. 'Notre Dame de Paris' was an apotheosis of the Gothic style. We see in this new volume how Victor Hugo studied carefully the architecture of the middle ages; his journeys in Normandy, Brittany, Flanders, had this study for their principal object.

In order to understand the importance of the Romantic movement from this special point of view of architecture, you must remember what was the state of things towards 1830. Gothic art was absolutely despised; the finest churches built during the middle ages had been dishonored in every way by whitewashing, by the addition of incongruous ornaments, having no relation whatever with the noble art which had erected the cathedrals of Chartres and so many other places. The Catholic clergy, who might have been the guardian of the treasures of this great art, were absolutely ignorant, and sacrificed everything to the vapid and gaudy style which now goes under the name of the Jesuitical style. The reaction began with the first efforts of the Romantic school. Chateaubriand, in his 'Genius of Christianity,' was one of its unconscious though most powerful instruments. Victor Hugo entered early the list of those who looked on every form of art as the legitimate offspring of a certain state of civilization. The influence of the Romantic school was strong enough to oblige the Government to appoint a Commission on Historical Monuments and provide it with funds for the restoration of these monuments. This Commission, which has a permanent existence, has done a very good work; it has saved hundreds of monuments from utter destruction; restorations have, under its guidance, been done with great skill, with a feeling of great respect for the spirit of the past. Mérimée was long one of its members, and his reports on the monuments which he visited as one of the Inspectors of the Commission are extremely interesting and have become very dear, because very few copies of them were printed at the time. You may safely say that when a church or a monument has had the good fortune to be classed as one of our historical monuments, and thus to come under the supervision of the State, it is saved for ever; for our new Republicans are no iconoclasts—they have more wisdom than their predecessors of 1793, they respect everywhere the emblems, the symbols of the past; they did not, even, after the fall of the Second Empire, obliterate the monuments which had been built under Napoleon III. Let each period leave some trace of itself behind.

This brings me to a question I have often heard discussed among architects, and you will find it discussed in Victor Hugo's notes: if you have before you a church built in the Roman style or in the Gothic style, is it proper to demolish a fine altar built in the seventeenth century or in the eighteenth century, a beautiful pulpit in the style of later ages? I, for one, do not believe so. It is essential, in a work of restoration, to have as much unity as possible in the great architectural lines, though we often see a Roman choir annexed to a Gothic nave; but, desirable as it is to respect the architectural ideas of the past, the lines which give to a monument its essential character, its physiognomy, it does not seem to me necessary to enter too much into the details which are purely ornamental. As we see in a geological section strata succeeding strata, let each century leave its mark on the fundamental groundwork of the first age of a monument. See how much variety there is in San Marco in Venice, in the church of Monreale in Sicily—a variety, truly, of details which does not preclude a powerful unity in the initial conception. Surely, if you build a new Gothic church in America, it is proper to introduce Gothic ornamentation in all its details; but why should we clear an old Gothic church of a number of beautiful ornaments and additions left by succeeding centuries, if these ornaments and additions do not disfigure the whole?

But to return to Victor Hugo. He was an ardent admirer of the relics of the middle ages, and his enthusiasm is at times quite touching. He invents admirable expressions in describing an old church. It is quite pleasant to travel with him, and his indignation against the modern iconoclasts is catching.

"I am indignant at the devastations I meet with at every step. At Alençon, a grave and fine statue of white marble, dressed like Marie de Médicis, breaks its nose on the darkest wall of the church. At Mayenne, a horrid white prison is stupidly built in the middle of the old castle. At Pontorson, on an admirable piece of an altar of the Renaissance, the curé has put the most stupid of confessionals. You walk thus on a bas-relief of the sixteenth century which represents the Pentecost. At Dol, a tomb of the Renaissance is falling to pieces. At Avranches, there remained a fine pillar of the cathedral; it has been demolished. At Coutances, the whole cathedral is a scandal. An ogive of the fourteenth century has been deformed in order to receive an absurd altar with a golden sun, which cost four thousand francs. Two great walls of plaster have been built across the transept. . . . At Saint-Lo, they allow an admirable church to fall which has two spires as fine as the great spire of Saint-Denis, etc."

This was written in 1836; we have improved since, but there are many places and things which are going to ruin, notwithstanding the efforts of the State, of the department, of the clergy—which is less ignorant of architecture than in old times—and the generosity of many patrons of art and lovers of history.

The notes on Normandy are certainly, even now, worth reading, as Normandy is extremely rich in monuments.

"I have seen," says Hugo, "all the beautiful cities of the shores of the Manche—Bayeux, which has an admirable cathedral; Caen, where I counted on my arrival fifteen spires. At every moment, in the smallest village, you find these admirable stone spires, which rise, strangely enough, from a very small church, like beautiful flowers of the field on the top of an ugly plant. In the evening we walk, Nanteuil and I, in the cities; we lose ourselves in the tortuous streets, and we have only to lift our eyes to see at every step the high steeples of cathedrals which make magnificent chimneys to miserable roofs."

The wonderful descriptive powers of Victor Hugo are shown in these notes, almost at every page. His descriptions of the sea, for instance, are among the finest pages he ever wrote; but how can you translate such descriptions into another language? In a letter from Tréport (a little town near Eu) to his friend Louis Boulanger, the painter, he says:

"I went towards evening to the seashore. The moon was rising, the tide was rising; the fishing-boats came bobbing out one after another from the narrow passage of Tréport. A great brown mist covered the sea horizon, into which the sails entered, simplifying themselves. At my feet the ocean advanced step by step. The waves came and covered each other like the slates of a roof in building. The wind was high, the whole horizon was covered with green and trembling spots; over all this an awful noise, a sombre aspect, and the great muslin of the foam which tore itself on the rocks. It was fine and monstrous. The sea was in despair; the moon was sinister. How strange to see this immense, mysterious chimæra, with its thousands of scales, lifting itself painfully towards the pale, cadaverous face which attracts it from a distance of 90,000 leagues, as the serpent attracts the bird! What is this fascination in which the ocean plays the part of the bird?"

Hugo excels in the description of something awful and mysterious; he delights in it. He is the poet of the night.

"I have always liked to travel during the twilight hours. It is the moment when nature deforms itself and becomes fantastic. The houses have luminous eyes; the elms have sinister profiles, they throw themselves backwards as if they laughed; the plain is nothing but a dark line which the crescent of the moon pierces with its horn and slowly disap-

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pears; the heaps of corn along the roads look like phantoms conversing in a low voice. At times you meet a shepherd standing, who gazes at you with a strange look. Your carriage moans feebly and complains of fatigue; the iron pieces, the wheels, give each their little note, high or low. You hear from time to time in the distance the noise of bells; it increases, then diminishes, and is no longer heard. It is some other carriage which is on a distant road. Whither is it going? Whence does it come? By the light of the constellations, which make a hundred magnificent figures in the sky, you see around you sleeping faces; it seems as if the carriage were full of dreams."

It is odd to read such things in letters; they are the outpourings of a poetic mind. You find in every line the poet who personifies nature and who lives "dans son rêve étoilé."

Correspondence.

THE CONJUNCTION *LIKE*.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: According to the late Professor W. B. Hodgson, in his *Errors in the Use of English* (1881), "the adverb *like* is often improperly, because needlessly, employed for *like as* or simply *as*"; and, for the employment of it thus characterized, he quotes, with others, Mr. Henry Mayhew and Professor Bonamy Price, besides Charles Dickens's "Nobody will miss her *like* I shall."

Mr. Brander Matthews, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxxxiii., p. 218 (1891), remarks, with implied reprehension, that, in England, *like* for *as* "is heard in the conversation of literary men of high standing, and now and again it even gets itself into print in books of good repute," citing, for it, Mr. J. Cotter Morison and Mr. Walter Bagehot.

In the opinion of Col. T. W. Higginson, as expressed in *The New World and the New Book*, p. 201 (1892), "it is hard for criticism to deal seriously with a novelist who writes: . . . 'He . . . read on *like* some one reads in some ghastly dream';" words occurring in the pages of Mr. Rider Haggard.

Other strictures, of which many are producible, corresponding to these in tenor, are here omitted, as being superfluous.

The inference to be deduced from the premisses before us is, that such locutions as those instanced above are by no means generally known to be other than modernisms.

King Alfred, in his translation of Orosius, writes, together with *gelice and spinge déd*, "as a sponge doth," *gelice and seó waére*, "as if she were." Answering to *as*, in "*as* you know," and in Milton's "*as* earth and sky would mingle," is *gelice and*, with its twofold import. The phrase is, indeed, conjunctional; but, that its element *gelice*—whence, perhaps, by aphesis, our adverb *like*—was ever a conjunction, has not, to my knowledge, been established. The attempt which has been made to father on Anglo-Saxon the equivalent of "*like* a sponge doth" falls, therefore, to the ground.

Directly, for *directly when*, promises to become, eventually, quite legitimate. Other conjunctions, more or less used, which, similarly, have come up in recent times, are *immediately*, *instantly*, and *once*. But the specific illustration of ellipsis which they offer was anticipated, in the occasional substitution of *like* for *like as* and *likewise as*, ages ago.

What it was that prompted this elliptical substitution is not apparent. Was it something disagreeable in the quaintness of the longer forms? Or was it the ambiguousness of *as*, which so often is causal, one with "since"? Specious as these surmises may be, neither of them, I apprehend, will endure historical examination.

Exemplifying the use under consideration are found, before 1800:

"I sawe hym never wyth myne eye, That could werke *lyke* I." Anon., *The Smyth and his Dawe* (15th century), in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. iii., p. 203 (1866).

"And then the king of Castile desired him that he would licence him to do his duty *like* a knight and brother of the order ought to do to the Sovereign." Anon. (1506), in *Memorials of King Henry the Seventh* (1858), p. 296.

"And, *lyke* an excellent Phisition cureth most dangerous diseases and deadly wounds, so doth a man that is valyant advance him selfe as invincible in things that doe seeme most terrible," etc. Sir Thomas Elyot, *The Governour* (1531), fol. 163 (ed. 1580).

"Ye have said *lyke* a noble lady ought to say." Lord Berners, *The Hystory of Arthur of Lytle Brytayne* (about 1530), p. 520 (ed. 1814).

"Then was this popish mass in great controversy, *like* it is now." Bp. John Bale (1546), in *Select Works*, etc. (1849), p. 171.

"Did not David thirst after thee, *like* the thirstie hart the fountaines of cleare water . . . ?" Rev. Dr. Thomas Wright, *The Passions of the Minde in Generall* (1601), p. 194 (ed. 1620).

"*Like* noble babe . . . cannot conject His own true parentage, . . . So we . . . can not divine," etc. Rev. Dr. Henry More, *The Præexistency of the Soul*, st. 5, 6, in *Philosophicall Poems* (1647), p. 256.

"*Like* one . . . eats his fill Before his painful march, So would I feast awhile my famish'd eyes," etc. Dryden, *All for Love* (1668), Act iv.

"I believe that this Impression of the Wounds was only perform'd in the strong Imagination of S. Francis, much *like* some others have imagin'd that they had Feet of Wax and a Head of Glass." Gabriel d'Emilianne, *The Frauds of Romish Monks and Priests* (1691), p. 134 (3d ed.).

"To act *like* Judith did with Holofernes." Rev. Myles Davies, *Athenæ Britannicæ*, vol. i., p. 253 (1715).

"The officer, *like* Sir Piers Exton . . . served king Richard the second, jumping upon a chair, struck such a blow that it brought the unfortunate gentleman to the floor." William Toldervy, *The History of Two Orphans* (1756), vol. iv., p. 183.

"She flies to the dear retreats of Twickenham, *like* a fond daughter to the indulgent arms of a consoling parent." Anon., *The Generous Attachment* (1787), vol. iii., p. 136.

"He talks *like* Brunswick did, and may, perhaps, act in the same manner." Robert Southey (1792). *Selections from the Letters*, etc. (1856), vol. i., p. 12.

To come to this century, so frequent, at least in lighter literature, is *like* for *as*, that, after what has been shown in the opening paragraphs of this letter, even the few quotations which here follow may be thought more than sufficient:

"It is common to hear the conduct of French officers, in breaking their parole, not only mentioned without censure, but praised and applauded,—*like* a successful theft might have been in Sparta,—as a justifiable and meritorious act of dexterity." Henry Matthews, *The Diary of an Invalid* (1820), p. 474.

"Stalls, *like* in cathedrals." Cardinal Newman (1833), in *Letters*, etc. (1891), vol. i., p. 324.

"They are strange and startling, *like* the products of a dream ofttimes are, to the mind which has actually produced them." Dr. Henry Maudsley, *The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind* (1867), p. 18.

"That is just *like* it is at my house." Sir George W. Dasent, *Tales from the Fjeld* (1874), p. 235.

Most of the foregoing illustrations, besides others, I had long had by me when I discovered that two of them, belonging to the years 1647 and 1668, had been already adduced for the same purpose for which they are here exhibited. I refer to Article lxxiii., entitled "*Like* in the sense of *as*," in Mr. William Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc. (1860), vol. ii., pp. 115–123. Of the illustrations common to Mr. Walker and myself, while I have retained those from Dr. Henry More and Dryden, I have, for brevity, omitted those supplied by Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Middleton and Massinger, and a few more.

Supplementing Mr. Walker, his editor, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, observes that "the old idiom seems to have become obsolete by 1664"; and the observation is of a kind which, in my experience, is far from unusual. For instance, I once chanced to mention to a learned friend, as a curious circumstance, that *abandonment*, though it was proposed in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was as good as in a trance—notwithstanding Lord Shaftesbury's venture to resuscitate it—for nearly two hundred years; and I was not at all surprised at my interlocutor's protesting, in reply, that the word was quite novel to him. Of course he was mistaken. And who can doubt that Mr. Lettsom had heard "the old idiom" all his life?

As has been seen, the Anglo-Saxon *gelice and* bears the two senses "as" and "as if," and *like*, the conjunction, therein tallies with it. In having the sense of "as if," *like* is, however, no home-born Americanism, as Mr. J. R. Bartlett takes it to be. Quotations in disproof of this view of his are subjoined:

"The paleys trembled *like* to have gone all to peces." Lord Berners, *The Hystory of Arthur of Lytle Brytayne* (about 1530), p. 143 (ed. 1814).

"He was bygge and hye above all other, and coloured *like* the rede rose had ben set on the whyte lyly." *Id.*, *ibid.*, p. 338.

"In place of whom, as it befel my lot, *Like* on a stage, so stept I in strayt waye." Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, *The complaynt of Henrye duke of Buckingham* (about 1559), st. 7, in William Baldwin's *A Myrrovr for Magistrates* (ed. 1563), sig s 1 *v*.

"*Like* in sickness, did I loathe this food." Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (about 1595), Act IV., scene I.

"They that from youth doe sucke at Fortunes brest, And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher, *Like* Dropsie-fedde, their thirst doth neuer rest." Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, *Mustapha* (1609), Act II., Scene III., in *Works*, etc. (1633), p. 105.

"I felt my face *like* on fire." Mrs. A. M. Bennett, *The Beggar Girl and her Benefactors* (1797), vol. ii., p. 194 (ed. 1813).

The Rev. Prof. John Earle writes, both in the first edition of his *Philology of the English Tongue* (1871), and in the fifth edition of that popular work, issued this year: "In the sentence, 'he behaved *like* a scoundrel,' *like* is a preposition. But, if we say it in provincial English, thus, 'he behaved *like* a scoundrel would,' *like* is a conjunction." To the designation "provincial English," unmodified, I am obliged to demur.

Dr. Schele De Vere, in his *Americanisms* (1872), deviates so far from correctness as to say that "*like* instead of *as* . . . is almost exclusively an Americanism, being but rarely heard in England"; an excellent sample of intuitive philologizing.

It remains to state the conclusion to which one is led, by inquiry, touching the conjunction *like*. Its antiquity, then, proves to be very considerable; few good writers have ever lent it their sanction; at one stage of its history, it was confined mostly to poetry; and its repute, as literary or formal English, is now but indifferent. Yet, as a colloquialism, it is, in our day, here in England, widely current, in all ranks of society, from the highest to the low-

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est. This being the case, if a British novelist, or dramatist, dealing with contemporary life, studies to avoid it altogether, in the familiar conversation of his characters, though meant to be ever so highly educated, he may fairly be said to do a certain degree of violence to the truth of things as they are. Against no one, therefore, can the charge be brought, otherwise than arbitarily, of committing an absolute and indefensible solecism, if he chooses, in his talk, to say, for instance, "I think *like* you do." Personal dislike may dictate an adverse judgment on the phrase; but its due, in the eyes of any critic adequately equipped with facts, is toleration. F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, July 16, 1892.

P. S. In the couplet cited above from *The Smith and the Dawe*, "lyke I," it may be objected, would not have been used but for "eye" in the first verse.

Again, in the passage cited under the date of 1691, quite possibly there is a rather violent ellipsis of "who" after "others."

The expressions *like as if* and *like as though*, with "I have not anything *like* got through the work," "I felt *like* laughing," etc., are here purposely left undiscussed. The vulgar *like as if* precisely represents the compound conjunction in the second passage which I have quoted from King Alfred.

Notes.

B. WESTERMANN & Co. will have ready in September the third volume of Conway and Crouse's translation of Karl Brugmann's 'Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages.' The fourth and concluding volume, with a full index, will be issued next year.

Ginn & Co. announce for publication in the fall 'Analytics of English Prose and Poetry,' by Prof. L. A. Sherman of the University of Nebraska.

An elementary text-book, and a higher 'Treatise,' on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by Prof. Edward A. Bowser of Rutgers College, are in the press of D. C. Heath & Co.

Harper & Bros. announce 'The Desire of Beauty,' an essay in æsthetics, by Theodore Child, and 'A Family Canoe Trip,' by Florence Walters Snedeker, with illustrations.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, the Chairman, Baron von Richthofen, announced that the society was about to publish, in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, a work descriptive of the ancient manuscripts and maps in the Italian libraries relating to the history of this event. The German Emperor has promised a contribution of 15,000 marks towards the expense of the undertaking, and it is to be edited by Dr. Kretschmer. The accompanying atlas will contain thirty-five large maps, of which thirty-one are new, and will be published for the first time.

Whether there was any call for a third Life of J. G. Whittier while he is still among us, may be questioned; but few will think it fortunate that Mr. William Sloane Kennedy has for the second time written a biography of the "Poet of Freedom." It forms the latest volume in the series of "American Reformers," published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. After comparing it with the same writer's previous attempt (1882) and with Underwood's (1884), we think him rash in challenging on his title-page the Talmudic ordeal: "He that knows anything worth communicating and does not communicate it, let him be hanged by the neck." There is one really interesting discovery of an anticipation by Whittier of a famous passage in Wendell Phillips's Lovejoy speech in Faneuil Hall, even to the phrase "those pictured lips." On the other hand, the unestablished if probable kinship between Whittier and Daniel Webster is reaffirmed without any attempt at genealogical tabulation, and Caleb Cushing and William Pitt Fessenden are now gayly added to the family circle. There have been genuine groups as remarkable as this in New England descent, but the proof of so much allied greatness would have been worth all the rest of Mr. Kennedy's discursive and slipshod performance. His note on p. 71 about the shaving of Burleigh assigns to Boston a scene from the Rynders mob in New York in 1850, and makes William A. instead of Charles C. Burleigh the hero.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are the New York publishers of Sir W. G. Simpson's handsome volume on the 'Art of Golf.' When we expressed the hope that this excellent game might soon become acclimated here, we hardly looked for so complete a fulfilment of our desire as a year has brought about. At this moment the game is being zealously cultivated at Tuxedo, at Tarrytown, at Cedarhurst, and among the sand-hills of Shinnecock, where it has captured not a little of the overflowing enthusiasm of the new artistic colony. Such an introduction augurs well for the final acceptance of the game, for one of its peculiarities is that every tyro becomes an evangelist by virtue of an afternoon's play, and much may be expected of an infant industry which is smiled on at its birth by fashion, sport, and art. The present volume adds little to the accumulated wisdom of the Badminton book on golf, but it is written in a pleasing style, not devoid of humor, and the make-up is attractive. The illustrations, also, are admirable, and can scarcely fail to be of practical use to the many young men and maidens who are spending these warm afternoons in "sclaffing" turf and breaking clubs.

'A Scamper through Spain and Tangier' (London: Hutchinson & Co.), by Margaret Thomas, is a pleasant record of a traveller's experience, by a lady already favorably known as a poet and sculptor. Its principal value, perhaps, lies in the fact that it shows that two ladies, without escort, can visit the chief Spanish cities cheaply and in perfect safety, though they must be willing to put up with rough fare and considerable discomfort. Art is, of course, the engrossing topic, but there are many bright descriptions of street scenes and of urban life generally in Spain, as it appears to the passing traveller. The impression of the people left on Miss Thomas was not an encouraging one. They seemed to her "ignorant, passionate, and partly savage—above all, indomitably idle, but warm-hearted, affectionate, and disinterested to the last degree, especially the women." The chapters on Tangier are less interesting than the others, yet include a graphic account of snake-charming as well as of the principal performer, who in private life proved both intelligent and not unattractive. The author sounds a note of alarm to all who prefer un-Christian lands without the veneer of modern civilization, in the announcement that "parts of Tangier are lighted with electric light, and it is proposed to make an electric tramway from the Soko to the sea." The book is attractively illustrated from the writer's own sketches, but its literary value suffers from the fact that she has used her notebook so literally that too much of what she writes is, what she herself frankly confesses it to be, "bald, disjointed chat." The whole cost of her trip, which embraced the most interesting cities of Spain, and apparently extended over several months, was only fifty pounds.

Mme. de Sévigné naturally occupies the largest space—quite a fifth—in M. F. Lhomme's selections from the writings of Frenchwomen of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries ('Les Femmes Écrivains: Oeuvres Choisies.' Paris: Librairie de *l'Art;* New York: Macmillan). A still larger proportion of the matter has necessarily the epistolary form, and the book can best be characterized as samples of the art of letter-writing for the period just named. The selection has been managed with an eye to personal and historical information, and the editor, besides a brief sketch of each writer, appends notes and remarks. More than this, he has drawn from a rich source a great number of contemporary engraved portraits and reproduced them in facsimile; and these add very much to the value and attractiveness of a volume which is typographically very open and handsome. The work forms the fourth in a series called the "Literary Family Library," and is to be followed by a volume devoted exclusively to the female writers of the present century, who will certainly endure comparison with their predecessors.

M. Brunetière has published in book form the remarkable lectures he delivered last winter at the Odéon ('Les Époques du Théâtre français [1636-1850]'), and the volume is one which no student of the history of the drama in France can afford to ignore. He has not attempted to trace the drama back to its origins and to exhibit its various transformations in the earlier centuries, but, starting with the masterpiece of the "Cid," he has selected such plays as, in his judgment, mark a change in the principles or the form of tragedy or comedy. In stating his views, the grounds for his belief, M. Brunetière has added to the thoroughness of knowledge and the distinctly high standard of criticism which have always distinguished him, a brightness of expression, a vivacity of exposition, to which he had not accustomed us. Several of these chapters are brilliant; those on the "Cid," on "Tartufe," on "Phèdre," on "Le Mariage de Figaro" may be cited as examples. Novel points of view abound, suggestion is rife, thought springs from thought; and while one may not always agree with M. Brunetière, it must be conceded that his book is invaluable in enabling the reader to follow intelligently and to grasp easily the growth and evolution of the splendid drama of France.

M. Jules Lemaitre continues to collect into volumes his dramatic criticisms from the *Débats*, and the sixth volume of his "Impressions de Théâtre" has just appeared (Paris: Lecène & Oudin; New York: F. W. Christern). Especially interesting in this collection are the essays on Ibsen, on the "Alcestis," on Rousseau's attack on the theatre, and on Molière's "Fourberies"—indeed, M. Lemaitre is never more interesting or more suggestive than when he treats of Molière.

In a small brochure, 'Il Marito e i figliuoli di Beatrice Portinari,' Prof. Luigi Randi supplies documentary evidence to prove that Simone di Giuliano Bardi was husband of Dante's Beatrice, and had at least four sons by her. The author is librarian of the Marquis Carlo Ginori, whose collection has served him in his researches, particularly certain manuscript "Libri mercantili de' Bardi." Other private libraries of Florence have also been available to Prof. Randi.

Eight new parts of the annual supplement to

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Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon (B. Westermann & Co.) take us into the letter R. On the biographical side, the number of Japanese statesmen whose names are introduced is to be remarked. American notices include, of the dead, Gordon L. Ford, Hannibal Hamlin, and J. E. Hilgard; of the living, Joseph Jastrow, Wade Hampton, and David B. Hill, who, we are told, "passes for a vulgar stamp of political trickster and spoilsman." Sir William Johnson has an article, apropos of Griffis's recent Life of that worthy. Readers of the novels of Sophie Kovalevski will find her here set down as a mathematician, first of all. The death of Farina of Cologne is recorded. The French census of 1891 is given, with its showing of a gain of population in five years of only 125,000, against 550,000 from 1881 to 1886. There has been a loss in fifty-five departments. The reviews of French and English literature for 1891, of ethnographical literature for 1886-1891, of historical literature for 1890-1891, of German art exhibitions in 1891, may be mentioned along with the summaries of proceedings at the several Congresses, Prison, Geographical (1889-91), Meteorological, Hygienic, Oriental, etc. Rich in tabulated statistics are the articles on fixed stars having a proper motion, on fire and life insurance, grain production and trade, colonies, names of regiments in Germany and Austria, illegitimacy, earthquakes (with maps for Italy), life-saving stations in Germany, missions (with a colored map), etc.

Part V. of the 'Atlas to accompany the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,' now in course of publication by the War Department, consists of a large number of maps prepared by both the opposing armies, and chiefly in the Virginia campaign of 1862. But there are also sketches of operations in the Gulf States, and a general exhibition of the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland throughout the war, in connection with the inquiry concerning Major-Gen. Buell. All these memoranda possess a value which is discernible at a glance.

In our recent notice of the interesting paper on Carlyle in the *Bookman* for July, we said that it closed "with a hitherto unnoticed memorial of his intimacy with Emerson in the shape of an article on 'Indian Meal' published in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1849, and signed C." We were wrong in speaking of this article as hitherto unnoticed. In a letter to Emerson, April 19, 1849 ('Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson,' ii., 176), Carlyle says: "I on my side have already drawn up a fit proclamation of the excellences of this invaluable corn, and admonitions as to the benighted state of English eaters in regard to it;—to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, or I know not where, very soon." There is much in the 'Correspondence' relating to "this small contribution towards World-History," as Carlyle terms the proceedings in respect to Indian corn of Emerson and himself.

Concerning the recent letter of Annie Russell Wall regarding Raphael's "Hours," a correspondent writes: "A photograph numbered 5,377 in Sommer's catalogue is said by Miss Wall to be 'absolutely the same as the "Hour" named the "Sixth Hour of the Day."' It is so indeed, and no wonder, for it was taken from some engraving or painting of that Sixth Hour. It is a misnomer when called a Bacchante and Vanità. Nor can it have been derived from a Pompeian fresco. The resemblance to the modern 'Hour' is too close for that. It is identical not only in all points of the body of the picture but in the predella, where a squirrel wagoner is driving a parrot. Neither Raphael nor any of his scholars would have stooped to such a slavish mimicry. One point of internal evidence has often struck me, namely, the resemblances of the third 'Hour of the Day' in position of arms, legs, and whole attitude to the 'Galatea' in the Farnesina, which is beyond question Raphael's own work."

It is a sign of the times that coeducation is making headway at the South as well as at the North. The University of Virginia, in very guarded fashion, offers to register women at least eighteen years old for the pursuit of academic studies, without, however, the privilege of attending "the regular lectures or other exercises of any school," though they may use the library and scientific collections of the University. They will be examined upon the same paper and at the same time with their respective classes, "under such conditions of supervision and chaperonage as the Faculty may designate," and will receive a certificate of passing. Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, Mrs. Mary Sheffey Peters, and Mrs. E. Rosalie Thornton are a resident committee to advise and assist candidates for registration.

On page 412 of our last volume (issue of June 2), the following extract from Plautus was, by mistake, printed without the italicised words: "Neque quidquam meliust mihi, *ut opinor, quam ex me* ut unam faciam literam longam, meum laqueo collum quando obstrinxero."

—The August *Atlantic* takes notice of the Shelley centenary in a poem by Mr. Stedman, entitled "Ariel," in which he dexterously echoes some marked tones of Shelley's music and feeling in order to describe the poet, and at the same time blends a personal element with the whole—all in admirable keeping. The second paper upon "Prometheus Unbound," which must also be associated with the centenary, is less striking than its predecessor, and illustrates further the issue of the critical canon of the Browningites applied to great poetry. The analysis of Shelley's "myth," while it cannot miss the essential large lines of his thought, is illusory in detail—how illusory is sufficiently indicated by the remark, relating to *Demogorgon*, that "he has been compared to the Hegelian Absolute, and any one who enjoys the suggestion may get what he can out of it." The writer does not go to this extreme, but stops with the assertion that "the most useful way to think of him is as the Principle of Reason, . . . lying deep in the unconscious life of humanity, . . . passionless and passive." The "most useful way to think of him" seems to us rather to be Shelley's way, who saw nothing there, with all his imagination, but "a tremendous gloom." The effort to resolve poetry into a system of thought could not easily find less promising material than Shelley, and one proof of its incompetency is that it breaks down in the Fourth Act, which is described as "sentimental and empty," both "the thought and the poetry" being "equally flat." This is because the Act is pure poetry and not Hegelianism at all. The truth is, that the critical canon of the Browningites is inferred from Browning's work, and can no more be applied to the whole of poetry as a measure than a yardstick to the rainbow. We make these remarks without any prejudice to this particular article, which is an example of an unfruitful method of criticism, but is serious and thoughtful and in certain ways helpful to the student. Mr. Stillman writes of the "Revival of Art" in a well-considered paper, with less freshness than clearness of view. He concludes, after a statement of his well-known opinion in respect to methods of instruction and work and to artistic aims, that the world does not want art any longer. Mr. G. F. Watts adds an interesting but too brief comment, in which he agrees with Mr. Stillman's "general tenor," and then proceeds to make a few reservations in detail. A sketch of Townsend Harris, the first American Minister to Japan, by W. E. Griffis, well deserves more than a mention; but we must leave our readers to find it out for themslves.

—*Harper's* begins a review of the literary groups of Paris, from the pen of Theodore Child, well illustrated, in which the genealogical relations of the Naturalists, Romanticists, Symbolists, Décadents, Parnassiens, Psychologists, Impressionists, Fenanists, etc., etc., are made out as clearly as if they were mapped, and the result on the reader is to make him believe that literary men in Paris are a swarm of ephemeræ, with great powers of self-multiplying in a brief span of existence. It seems less the germination of life than of decomposition; but Paris has the best advertised literature in the world, and confers a renown like that of a writer for syndicates here, only glorified and Barnumized. An historical contribution of an exceptional sort is made by the Rev. John F. Hurst, in the "Salzburger Exiles in Georgia," in which a chapter of the settlement of the colonies is retold, and we are again reminded of how many strains are blended in the native American that now is. The Italian Army is elaborately described, Corfu and the Ionian Sea are picturesquely set forth, and Ice and Ice-making are made the subject of a partly scientific, partly practical article.

—The midsummer *Century* has the whole choir of poets in song, and fairly represents what poetry among us is capable of at the present moment. Mr. Aldrich's filed lines, with the touch of nature and sentiment, show his even power, while Mr. Stedman, with a different technique, writes smoothly also on an equally characteristic theme, and Mr. Gilder writes the true lyric. Their number makes the rest obscure, but they exercise "the accomplishment of verse" inoffensively and in very good form. The prose is largely fiction and travel. Prof. Todd's "Ascent of Fuji the Peerless," which opens the number, is on all accounts of most interest. He and his wife, who joins with him in the authorship, were of the party which made the journey to examine the summit with a view to its fitness as the station of the Boyden Astronomical Observatory, which, by the terms of the trust, must be on the top of a mountain. The journey through the lowland, with its Japanese traits, is narrated with much feeling for the landscape, and when the story comes to the time of the ascent, this power of natural description is especially marked. The summit is a point of pilgrimage for the natives, and their neighborhood on the mountain-side in the mist or in the open adds an element of human interest seldom met with in accounts of mountain ascents. On the top the necessary experiments were made to test the fitness of the site for observation, and with complete success; but the scenery of the crater and the world around, the impression of homeless nature made on the mind, and such phases of nature-poetry seem to have been the main things brought away from their experience by the travellers. The Plains of Canada, the Columbian Exposition, and Castelar's description of the voyage of Columbus and his landing, and the game of Golf are the subjects of the most important remain-

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ing papers. The portrait of Shelley, rendered through the medium of a chalk drawing after the original, is a more satisfactory reproduction than we have yet had of a face that seems to baffle the engraver. Though the frontispiece of the number, it accompanies a paper on "Shelley's Work," in which Prof. Woodberry judges the poet's difference with his age. Another contribution of curious interest in connection with the Shelley centenary is Mr. John Malone's "Search for Shelley's American Ancestor."

—*Scribner's* publishes its "fiction number," as usual, this month, but the contents include a paper by Prof. Shaler, on Icebergs, well illustrated, a plea for "Children's Rights," which are by no means a matter of fiction, and a half-historical, half-descriptive account of a London parish by the river, by Walter Besant. This is one of the series upon the Poor of the Great Cities, and shows a remarkable amount of actual work done by the Church in behalf of the lowest classes. In the present instance everything conceivable seems to be done and the whole well organized. The parish is not particularly known, nor is it a place for "fashionable" slumming. The cost is £810, of which £500 is raised by subscription. The effect of all this labor, of which the greatest part is of course personal, is, says Mr. Besant, to reconcile the poor to the Church: "Those who live in the dens and witness these things done daily must be stocks and stones if they were not moved by them. They are not stocks and stones; they are actually, though slowly, moved by them; the old hatred of the Church —you may find it expressed in the workingman's papers of fifty years ago—is dying out rapidly in our great towns; the brawling is better; even the drinking is diminishing. And there is another—perhaps an unexpected—result. Not only are the poor turning to the Church which befriends them, the Church which they used to deride, but the clergy are turning to the poor; there are many for whom the condition of the people is above all other earthly considerations. If that great conflict —long predicted—of capital and labor ever takes place, it is safe to prophesy that the Church will not desert the poor." On the literary side Mrs. James T. Fields's translation of Guérin's 'Centaur' deserves notice.

—Two parties, neither of which appears to have much love for the other, have been for a long while pressing forward the cultus of Joan of Arc in France. Twenty-five years ago Louis Veuillot taunted his contemporaries (in 'Les Odeurs de Paris') with their unworthiness to set up a statue to La Pucelle, and told them that some day repentant France would beg her canonization of the Holy Father, when her statue would be seen elsewhere than on the street that leads to the new Opera-house. This year a quite new proposal came from the other side—the side that looks upon Joan chiefly as a patriot. M. Joseph Fabre, noticing that the chief events in her history fell within the month of May, came out in the *Temps* with the suggestion that the whole month should be devoted to her, regardless of the fact that to pious Roman Catholics May is already the month of Mary. M. Fabre published daily in the *Temps*, throughout the month, the acts of Joan upon the corresponding day, including her examinations and execution. This was interesting reading, but, so far as we have seen, the proposed hallowing of the month met with no response. The latest demonstration comes from the ecclesiastical side, and is of a sort that Veuillot did not foresee, and which, probably, he would not have much liked. On the first of July a statue of the Pucelle was set up at Rouen, on the slope of Bonsecours, under circumstances which made the ceremony not only a solemn rehabilitation of Joan, but also in some sort an act of reparation and penance on the part of those who now occupy the places of the ecclesiastics who had her burned. More than twenty prelates, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops assisted at the ceremony. The Archbishop of Reims, Cardinal Langénieux, blessed the monument, which is the work of the sculptor Barrias. Jehanne la Pucelle is represented standing, with bared head and fettered hands, and hair cut close, just as she stood at the stake to be burned as a sorceress and a heretic. On either side are figures of saints, representing the Voices of Domrémy.

—The following table is interesting as showing the amount of money expended for the purchase and received for the sale of works of art by the nations represented at the Munich art exhibitions of 1889, 1890, and 1891:

	Bought.	Sold.
	Marks.	Marks.
America	376,620	16,840
Germany, without Munich	397,720	145,975
Munich	372,181	614,547
Austria and Hungary	95,040	40,370
Russia	58,975	11,500
Switzerland	25,698	1,048
England	85,890	71,177
Denmark	.....	6,650
Sweden and Norway	5,500	19,000
Belgium	4,250	49,684
France	10,250	97,236
Spain	2,000	97,730
Holland	24,700	123,074
Italy	13,720	192,843

Among countries foreign to Germany, America (*i. e.*, the United States) holds, according to this report, the foremost rank as a purchaser of works of art; and the lively appreciation of this fact is inducing Germany, and especially Munich, to make every effort to be well represented in this department at the Chicago Exhibition. There is no doubt that the reputation of Munich in this respect has suffered from the vast number of hasty sketches, mere pot-boilers of needy artists, sold by dealers to tourists as specimens of what they are pleased to call the Munich school of art.

TWO BOOKS BY MR. MAHAFFY.

The Greek World under Roman Sway. From Polybius to Plutarch. By J. P. Mahaffy. Macmillan & Co.

Problems in Greek History. By J. P. Mahaffy. Macmillan.

THE threads of Hellenic weaving which entered into the vast fabric of the Roman world are so varied and so miscellaneous that it is impossible to extract from them a pattern of much unity or consistency. Mr. Mahaffy has done his best; but the reader must content himself with episodes and excursions instead of connected and developed history. The Roman Republic was a hard master compared with the Roman Empire. The Republic had just won an unexampled dominion which it had neither the experience, the precedents, nor the temper to administer. The consequence was a series of desperate revolts in every quarter against the tyranny of its iron hand. The spirit of this tyranny Prof. Mahaffy illustrates in a striking paragraph, which we can well understand even if we do not fully accept the parallel:

"But still there was something hard, relentless, and cruel in Roman ways, which must always have filled Greek servants and subjects with horror and dismay. Not only what was done, but the way in which it was done, was harsh and cold; and so I imagine the Romans to have held the place in European disfavor which the middle-class Englishman now holds, who knows no foreign tongue, respects no foreign habit, recognizes no foreign virtue, but walks through the world assuming the English respectability, just as the Roman assumed his *gravitas*, to be the stamp of a superior race."

Yet, in spite of this hardness and coldness, the Greeks, who veered this way and that, and were ready to join other insurrections as they had joined Mithridates, had more to expect from the Romans than from any other masters; they were treated with comparative leniency by Sulla, by Lucullus and Pompey; and the idea was fixed among the Romans that the Greeks were one thing and all the rest of the East another—that the Greeks had the monopoly of culture, and that the "rest of mankind were only fit to serve them and the Romans."

But this Roman feeling for Hellenic culture and manners varied greatly at different epochs. It might be traced by a fluctuating curve which rises high at the time of Flaminius, which sinks in the period of Cato and Cicero, which finally, under Claudius, begins the long ascent that culminates in the Byzantine Empire. The most original and the most curious of Prof. Mahaffy's studies is the chapter which describes the Hellenism of Cicero. Cicero knew the Greeks thoroughly, he knew their literature, their philosophy, even their art, more than he professes or than Mr. Mahaffy will have us believe. He had lived among the Greeks, studied among them, made acquaintances whom he calls friends among them; he praises them, he pays them compliments; he allows them some virtues, many graces, and supreme culture; he accepts and returns their civilities, but he will not make intimates of them—he will not trust them, he warns his friends not to trust them. He uses the same proverb as to their honesty which one hears to this day circulating in Italy and the Levant. Before a jury, he is their patron and their apologist; when he is rehearsing the plunders of Verres, he disclaims all critical knowledge of their art, as a dignified advocate would nowadays disclaim a knowledge of the mysteries of millinery. In this disclaimer it is likely that he was posing to some extent, was yielding to a fashion and was calculating his effect upon his listeners. For if he does not understand Greek art, and if even in Athens he has little to say of the beauty of the city, yet he certainly does understand the Greek feeling for art and the Greek estimate of art treasures.

The Romans, indeed, were by degrees acquiring some sense of the value of the immense collections which were displayed in their own museums. The spoils of Syracuse, of Tarentum, of Thermum, and of Corinth were at first no more to them than the elephants which walked in some triumphal procession. They were merely the symbols and the curiosities of conquest. They were no sign of taste, nor did they beget taste for many generations. But this barbarous ignorance could not continue. The guilds of Roman merchants who multiplied and prospered in Delos

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and Rhodes began to be infected by the spirit of their neighbors, and to erect magnificent halls and temples. The bequest of the last Attalus conveyed the rich art of Pergamus for administration as a public trust. The value of masterly work in marble and bronze and ivory, as *property*, if nothing else, forced itself upon the mind of the Romans. If they never became artists, they became amateurs and virtuosi. The greed of Verres gave place to the refinement of Lucullus, to the genuine enthusiasm and magnificent patronage of Hadrian.

The marks which Alexander left on India and the far East could not, in the nature of things, be deep or permanent. Mr. Mahaffy, who is here, of course, not on his own ground, sums up this influence as resulting in a wealth of Hellenistic coins, in the Corinthian decorations of certain temples, and in "the spiritual legacy" of the drama. As to the Corinthian architecture of the Grandhara school, Mr. Vincent A. Smith has lately concluded that it is Indo-Roman rather than Hellenic, that it dates from the Syrian expedition of Hadrian, and is derived from Palmyra, while, curiously enough, the later development of this school has the strongest affinities with the Christian art of the catacombs. The kinship and affinities of the Indian drama with the Greek are affirmed, it is true, by the eminent names of Brandes and Windisch; and yet they are denied recently by so high an authority as Schroeder. None of the authorities have ever pretended, we believe, that the Greek had the slightest influence on the *style* of the Hindu drama. Perhaps the Sanskrit is not in its genius susceptible of such an influence. At any rate, the merest amateur, if the amateur has a right to say a word on such a question, must feel when he reads the 'Sakuntala' that in style as well as in setting nothing can be more exotic—nothing more remote in its indolent movement, its tropical color, its cumbrous elephantine periods, its flowery, luxuriant tangle of speech from the simple beauty and directness of the classics. In this respect the two literatures are separated *toto cœlo*; they stand at opposite hemispheres.

For the period of Plutarch, Prof. Mahaffy is quite right in preferring his testimony to that of the monstrous tales of Apuleius, and in his statement that Apuleius and Lucian are romancers borrowing from a common source, Lucius of Patræ, whom Photius mentions. Any reader of Photius must be struck with this. Indeed, Lucian himself was probably the Boccaccio of some earlier folk-tale. He is equally right, at this point, in rejecting Hertzberg, the learned and conscientious historian, who did so much to mark out and smooth Mr. Mahaffy's way. There are certain human documents which can hardly be cited, but which the scholar must study when he writes about morals; and Hertzberg occasionally shows his ignorance of these. He alludes, for instance, to Plutarch's story of the fair and adventurous widow, Ismenodora, who kidnapped a Greek youth as a short and easy way to matrimony, and he compares her behavior to that of "some wayward and strong-willed American lady," whom the learned Doctor may have met in some delusive novel, but never, we trust, in Halle.

The chapters on Plutarch and his times will be found the freshest and most interesting in the book. They analyze and sum up those discussions and moral treatises which the reader of the 'Lives' will hardly venture to explore for himself. They show the sage of Chæronea as, above all, a man of compromises—a philosopher who went far with Plato, and the Stoics, and the Pythagoreans, and stopped short of the extreme views of all; a political thinker who, while writing in Greece, believed in monarchy and in the beneficence of some tyrants, maintained heartily the blessings of the Roman sway and the Roman peace, and yet maintained at the same time the benefit of political parties; a pious lover of the old shrines and sacrifices to Apollo, curious in foreign rites and worship, who yet taught as a monotheist, "in splendid words, the spirituality of God." In politics, he admits that the demagogue had disappeared, yet he shows that there was no chance remaining for the respectable ambition of the statesman. The Empire, which had at last secured social unity in Greece, left room only for a neighborly, self-sacrificing public spirit. In religion, although he knew nothing and cared nothing about Christianity, his tracts are still useful to the moralist; his doctrine of demons who are the *mauvais sujets* of the universe and responsible for its freaks and shortcomings, is still occasionally heard in our pulpits. He represents, indeed, as Prof. Mahaffy says, the spirit of our times, "the spirit of compromise between orthodoxy and scepticism, which gladly listens to the defence of the old and reads with curiosity the assertions of the new." There were substantial reasons, in this period of decline, for maintaining the old shrines, and cults, and ceremonies. They satisfied the curiosity of strangers, they drew crowds and money. Like the Passion Play at Ammergau, the Olympian, Isthmian, and Pythian festivals survived because an old-fashioned pious ritual continued to be lucrative.

If civilization is commensurate with the art of dining, the society of Plutarch which is revealed in the 'Symposium' must be rated very high. The choice of guests, the assignment of places, the *menu*, the delicate question whether one may take with him an uninvited "shadow" (σκιά)—such points as these are discussed with a refinement, a nice observation of human nature, which are entirely modern, which are even *fin de siècle*; and yet when we come to the details of the "table-talk," we encounter *niaiseries*, trivialities of etiquette, and occasional gross breaches of good manners. Indecencies were not to be escaped in the houses of the times, where the visitor is warned to shut his ears "to the outcry of slaves being punished or maids upon the rack"; and where to the deeper curses of slavery were added the slovenliness and indecorum which follow in its train. We should doubtless have found ourselves ill at ease in the best-ordered household of the period. But we should not have found ourselves at home among Swift's gentlemen and ladies, nor in some of those watering-places of the last century whose filthiness and savage manners Miss Hutton's memoirs have lately made us acquainted with. Nor are we sure that the conversations of Shakspere and of Swift are free from that "naturalism" which Mr. Mahaffy, with Hertzberg, complains of in Plutarch and his contemporaries. Plutarch, like most of the Greeks, could not understand Sir Galahad, though Euripides divined and anticipated that type in his "Ion" and his "Hippolytus." "Naturalism," in fact, stands always just outside the door of civilization; it steals inside the door in certain French and English novels. Our moral standards are not really higher than the highest of Plutarch's time; perhaps they are more firmly held and more widely acknowledged; perhaps, when they are violated, we pay them the homage of a keener remorse.

The universal peace which fostered a comparative prosperity in Hellenedom was not so successful in fostering genius and literature. There was no career left for the statesman, the politician, or the orator. The great cities were protected, but they were also caged. The largest questions which agitated the people of Tarsus or Alexandria were whether they were to receive the honor of a visit from the Emperor, or the lucrative privilege of holding the Roman assizes within their borders. There was nothing in such questions to inspire men's souls; and in fact the time was barren. Its great and only birth was Plutarch. The efflorescence of the anthology represented in the epigrams of Meleager of Gadara and of Philodemus was characteristic, but was slight and unimportant. The author of the treatise on "the Sublime" complains, in a passage of dignified melancholy, that genius has been dwarfed and paralyzed by the all-embracing and paternal arms of the Government. There is certainly some truth in the lament. One wonders sometimes whether the communistic millennium of Mr. Bellamy and his friends might not issue in a similar stagnation of intellect and of literature.

What we have in Mr. Mahaffy's 'Problems in Greek History' is in the main a review of his own contributions and methods in the treatment of Greek history and literature, showing how he has anticipated by years and years the results of the most recent research, with a running commentary on the shortcomings of scholars who happen not to know or not to accept views that Mr. Mahaffy happens to know or happens to accept, and with an ever-recurring justification of the perpetual parallel between parties in Ireland and parties in Greece. As to Mr. Mahaffy's anticipations, the matter is very simple. There is an inevitable oscillation in the treatment of all historical and literary characters, and whenever the pendulum has swung back to Mr. Mahaffy's point of view, he gives forth a pæan in honor of his own insight. Men are Herodoteans or Thucydideans as they are Platonists or Aristotelians—it is largely a matter of temperament—and sometimes the Herodoteans come to the front, sometimes the Thucydideans. Those who have read (and who has not read?) Mr. Green's 'Short History of England' were not surprised when Mr. Bryce told us that Mr. Green was an Herodotean, that he saw as clearly as Mr. Mahaffy does that Herodotus's breadth of vision and depth of thought have been disguised by the limpid lapse of his incomparable style. But perhaps Mr. Green learned from Mr. Mahaffy how to appreciate the Father of History. That Thucydides has been overrated as Herodotus has been underrated is not a novel view. There were anti-Thucydideans before Müller-Strübing, as there were pro-Herodoteans before Mahaffy. In the very year in which Mr. Mahaffy was born (1839), Wilhelm Vischer took up the cudgels against Adolf Schmidt and Immanuel Ogienski of blessed oblivion, who blasphemed the name of Thucydides two years before. Mr. Mahaffy's objection to Thucydides's theme is as old as Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and, being as old as Dionysius, is naturally much older; for our Halicarnassian friend cribbed freely. But it would be time wasted to recall Mr. Mahaffy's forerunners, whether orthodox or heterodox or paradoxical. The exaggerated estimate of Xenophon and his fellow-soldiers of fortune which is ascribed by Mr. Mahaffy to the "literary ability" of Xenophon might be as fairly ascribed to the place that the 'Anabasis' has occupied for many years in elementary instruction; and what reader of Isocrates needs to be told that the weakness of the Persian Empire was as

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fully revealed by the raid of Agesilaus as by the adventures of the Ten Thousand?

But it is a weariness to see these commonplaces brought out with the air of a revelation —a weariness to be told that Mr. Mahaffy has found it necessary to enlighten the world on the art of Demosthenes and the patriotism of the Macedonian party at Athens. To be sure, he intimates that his remarks are meant for the island to the east of him, but all American scholars read German, and Mr. Mahaffy's advantage over his fellows in this respect does not stir envy on this side of the water. As for the patriotism of the Macedonian party, the introduction to Bernays's 'Phokion' shows amusingly enough how rife in the last century was this game of reading modern history into ancient history.

Of course every reviewer has had his fling at Mr. Mahaffy's weakness for seeing the spectre of Home Rule in every complication of Greek politics, and much of Mr. Mahaffy's space in his 'Problems in Greek History' is taken up with a vindication of his historical parallels; and in what must be considered sheer bravado he repeats his offence at every turn, and crowns his performances in this line by a parallel between the free Greek States in their attitude toward Philip, and the Irish landlords in their attitude toward Mr. Parnell (p. 137). True, he grants that the parallel may "appear far-fetched" "to those who have not studied both cases so carefully as [he has] been obliged to do"; but the whole passage is of a piece with the audacity of the author and his supreme self-confidence.

No one can take up a book of Mr. Mahaffy's without finding samples enough of manly and vigorous common sense, forcible expressions of sound doctrine, flashes of insight, sparkles of wit, ingenious and suggestive combinations; and yet so blurred, so marred, are these excellences by the lack of some of the homeliest virtues of scholarship, that no one who has a jot of the *animus suspicax* demanded of the philologian dares quote Mr. Mahaffy as an authority, by reason of the homage which he pays at the shrine of the great goddess Dash—a more dangerous goddess even than "the great goddess Lubricity," of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold had so much to say towards the close of his career.

CODRINGTON'S MELANESIANS.

The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk-Lore, by R. H. Codrington, D.D., late of the Melanesian Mission, etc. With illustrations. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. xvi, 419.

In 1885 Dr. Codrington published his elaborate work on 'The Melanesian Languages,' which was duly reviewed in these columns. The present volume is of vastly greater interest to the general reader. The Melanesian race may, at some future time, be studied by an abler man than Dr. Codrington, but long before he could equip himself equally well for the work, the race will have been so modified by contact with civilization as to present a very different object for observation and study. The rapidity with which native arts and methods of living have been, not merely modified, but utterly extirpated, is wonderful. For example, ordinarily the native males of the Banks' Islands went naked, but on certain ceremonial and festal occasions they wore dresses of great beauty. One of these, "a kind of cape, in four oblong parts, beautifully made in colored matting, the highest product of Banks' Island art," is pictured on page 108 of Dr. Codrington's book. On p. 321 the author tells us that the art of making this garment "expired some years ago with the last two men who practised it." Two *malo saru*, as they were called in the native tongue, "probably the only existing examples, are in the British Museum." As Dr. Codrington resided for several years in the Banks' Islands, spoke the language of one of them (Mota) with ease and fluency, had a considerable knowledge of the languages of nearly all the other islands and a very extensive intercourse with the natives, his testimony as to the former existence and the present extinction of the art is indisputable. Again, the native methods of cooking, though slow and laborious, were perfectly adapted to develop in the highest degree the appetizing and nutritious qualities of the products of the native soil. Iron pots and kettles obtained from Europeans are fast supplanting the native ovens. The result attained is greatly inferior, but food easily though imperfectly prepared in minutes is fast triumphing over that perfectly but laboriously prepared in hours. Dr. Codrington frequently alludes, though obscurely and guardedly, to the fact that large numbers of the Melanesian people have been carried off as "contract laborers" to other lands. For this chapter of Melanesian history we must look to other sources. There is, however, a whole volume implied in the name which the natives give to the vessels in which these "laborers" are carried off. They call them "thief-ships." Some of these "laborers" return to their native islands, and bring with them an abundance of the vices and diseases, with but few of the virtues and advantages, of civilization.

More than all other causes combined, the work of the missionaries tends to the utter destruction of the whole fabric of Melanesian society. This destructive effect is by no means confined to the converts to Christianity. Thousands who have not embraced the new faith have learned to doubt the power and ridicule the ceremonies of the old. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of Melanesian life is the existence of "societies which celebrate Mysteries strictly concealed from the uninitiated and from all females." The number of these societies was formerly very great, and initiation into them was eagerly sought. Their mysteries generally had no religious significance—in fact, no importance whatever except in the imaginations of those who had not been admitted to the secret. Partly through the conversion to Christianity of members, partly from other circumstances which we have no space to detail, the secret mysteries of these societies have become generally known. The awe with which they were formerly regarded has died out. Publicity has changed respect into ridicule. A few more generations, and these societies, many of which have existed for centuries, will be known only in the pages of such works as Dr. Codrington's.

We cannot help thinking that it would have added to both the interest and the value of Dr. Codrington's books if he had given a little more prominence to his personal experience and more details of the history of his connection with the Melanesian mission. Beyond a few meagre statements in his prefaces, and an occasional allusion in the course of his works, he has almost entirely effaced all traces of his personality. He became connected with the mission in 1863, and at once enjoyed the instruction and friendship of Bishop Patteson, who was then at its head. Bishop Patteson was one of those rare and remarkable men who to high intellectual and moral endowments join a fineness of ear and a flexibility of tongue which make the acquirement of a new language a matter of hardly more effort than is the learning of a new step to the practised dancer. Dr. Codrington entered upon his duties in the mission school at Mota, or, as it is often called, "Sugarloaf Island," in the Banks' Islands group. He was afterwards connected with the mission school on Norfolk Island. To this school young men were brought, for education, from nearly all the other Melanesian islands. They learned the Mota language quickly and easily, and Dr. Codrington, who had completely mastered that tongue, was thus enabled to prosecute his investigations under exceptionally favorable circumstances. He has also visited many other islands, but of the extent of his intercourse with their inhabitants he does not give us sufficient data to judge. His connection with the mission closed in 1887; from that time until 1891 we may infer that he was occupied in the preparation of the present work. It thus appears that twenty-eight of the best years of his life have been devoted to the study and description of the people of Melanesia. It was a fortunate thing for the students of anthropology that Dr. Codrington's labors commenced when they did. To borrow the language of the sportsman, he may be said to have caught the Melanesian people "on the fly." In most of the islands the ancient beliefs, manners, and customs were still in full vigor. Where they had been affected by contact with civilization there were still even young men who remembered and were able to describe their pristine form. A few more years, and much of the most valuable information which Dr. Codrington communicates would have been unattainable. Later pictures might have been more minute, but they would have been distorted and deceptive images.

The manner in which Dr. Codrington gathered his materials and composed his work was in some respects peculiar. He tells us that his book, "though written by a missionary, with his full share of the prejudices and predilections belonging to missionaries, is not meant to have what is generally understood to be a missionary character." He hopes that it will be of value to missionaries because he "is persuaded that one of the first duties of a missionary is to try to understand the people among whom he works." His object is to help all who may, from curiosity or from the nature of their studies, desire to obtain an accurate notion of that form of society which has been worked out on the Melanesian Islands. His book is intended to be, not a guide to missionaries, but a contribution to the natural history of mankind. Nowhere in the work have we been able to find any trace of theological bias. Nothing is presented as supporting or condemning any theological system or principle.

Another great object of the author has been "to set forth as much as possible what natives say about themselves, not what Europeans say about them." Hence his book consists almost entirely of what fell under his own observation or what was communicated to him by natives. He sought the explanation of what he saw from the natives themselves; and, before accepting their communications as true, he questioned and cross-questioned them with the keenness and persistency of a lawyer trying a difficult case. Some of the most interesting portions of his book are those in which he points out the errors and mistakes to which traders, missionaries, and visitors of all kinds

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are liable in trying to gain a knowledge of the beliefs and practices of the Melanesian islanders. On page 22 he says: "It is probably true that in every account of Melanesian affairs given to the world, tribes are spoken of; but a belief that every savage people is made up of tribes is part of the mental equipment of a civilized visitor." As a matter of fact, "there are no tribes among the natives. . . . Whatever political organization can be found can never be described as that of a tribe grouped round its hereditary or elective chief." Again, in treating of the Melanesian religion, he says: "Every one, missionary and visitor, carries with him some preconceived ideas; he expects to see idols, and he sees them; images are labelled idols in museums whose makers carved them for amusement; a Solomon Islander fashions the head of his lime-box stick into a grotesque figure, and it becomes the subject of a woodcut as a Solomon Island god."

There is hardly any subject in the political, social, or individual life of a race which is not treated with more or less fulness by Dr. Codrington. He often regrets, sometimes almost pathetically, the wide interval between the work he had conceived and the work he has executed. The "Folk-Lore" of the Melanesians certainly does not receive in his treatment a prominence corresponding to that given to it on the title-page. At any rate, we have left ourselves room for a bare mention of the subject. There are translations of thirty-one stories occupying fifty-four pages. Dr. Codrington's introduction to them fills a little over a single page. Their prolixity is very great, and the repetitions of the same things in the same language and in the same story are sometimes wearisome. In constructive ingenuity they are inferior to the folk-tales of the western nations. They are fanciful rather than imaginative. As aids to the comprehension of the modes of thought and daily usages of the people they are of the greatest value. A very serviceable index completes this important work.

The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene. By George Somes Layard. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892. Pp. xxii, 463.

It was only toward the end of his life that the very great talent of the late Charles Keene was estimated at anything like its true value. Just now the pendulum has swung very much the other way, and his praises are sung in a high key. He was first admired and understood in France; but the English, having at last awakened to the fact that he was a true artist, seem inclined to get all the glory possible from him, and to proclaim him a greater artist than he really was. One of the signs of this tendency is the present voluminous Life. His career was absolutely uneventful. He was born and he died, and between those two events he produced a vast quantity of work of great merit. He wrote a good many pleasant, gossipy letters to personal friends, which show considerable eccentricity and manias for music and for miscellaneous collecting. This is somewhat slender material for a large book, especially as any criticism of his work is intentionally omitted; but, by dint of a rambling, slipshod style, much repetition and discursiveness, and a great many more of the very similar letters than were necessary, this stout volume has been produced. It is handsomely got up, and contains a large number of good reproductions of drawings and sketches by Keene; and these, rather than the text, are likely to prove the chief interest of the book. Most interesting of all is the carrying out of a suggestion of Mr. Pennell's in the opposing of a *Punch* engraving entitled "Forwards" with a heliogravure of the original drawing. Keene the draughtsman is the only Keene that interests the world much, and these and other plates in the present volume will materially assist in forming a true conception of him, his great merits, and his limitations.

Keene's admirers constantly speak of him as a great technician, and *Punch*, in terms which Mr. Layard acknowledges to be "hyperbolical," called him "The inimitable Charles Keene, universally acknowledged to be the greatest master of 'Black and White' technique who ever put pencil to wood-block!" It is the universality of the acknowledgment, however, not the judgment itself, that Mr. Layard objects to. The judgment he may be said to have made his own. The last part of the phrase is neither here nor there. Keene worked on the wood in his early days, but what counts in his work was done, like most modern illustration, on paper; and it is as a pen-and-ink draughtsman that he will be judged. As a pen-and-ink draughtsman, a master of technique is precisely what he was *not*. Considered with regard to its capability of reproduction, Keene's technique was notoriously bad. *Punch* has always retained the wood-engraver and refused to touch "process." As it is a weekly paper, its engraving is necessarily hasty and poor. Its blocks are unscrewed and delivered to a number of engravers, each of whom cuts his little bit without seeing the whole design. Anything but the merest "near enough" facsimile is rendered impossible by such methods, and the result must be the profound discouragement of a fine draughtsman. The result of this discouragement on Keene was to cause him more and more to neglect the question of reproduction entirely and to treat the drawing as a distinct work of art, without regard to what the engraver might make of it. As the latter was sure to butcher the work at any rate, why consider his capabilities at all? So he invented and made for himself inks of every shade except black, used rough paper to break up his lines, and a pointed stick to give a curious softness of touch. The result is altogether unreproducible except by a process like heliogravure that could as well render pure wash. What the artist suffered in the hands of the *Punch* engravers is almost incredible without the ocular demonstration afforded by the two plates already mentioned.

Considered in itself, however, and with no regard to reproduction, Keene's technique is not a pen technique at all. Working in a material the essence of which is the line, he was almost entirely indifferent to beauty of line. There is no charm of handling in his work, and there is not a square inch of it comparable as technique to that of Abbey or of hundreds of other pen-and-ink men who do not approach Abbey's wonderful perfection. His work must be judged by its contents and not by its manner, if it is to be admired; and it is, so judged, very admirable. The style is a good one only in the sense that it expresses the mind of the artist well and clearly. It is a good style *for him*, not a good pen-and-ink style *per se*.

Keene had not only little feeling for line, but little feeling for beauty as well. Mr. Layard maintains, on the strength of one drawing, that Keene could have drawn beautiful women h d he liked; but he does not give the drawing, nor have we ever seen a drawing of Keene's that showed any sense of beauty. And surely, in matters of art, a lack of desire is a lack of power. To say that an artist did not care to draw beautiful faces is exactly the same thing as to say he could not. His nature did not fit him for it.

But if Keene's sense of beauty was small, his sense of character and his sense of humor were very great. The literary humor of his "legends" was, as often as not, another's; but the pictorial humor of the drawings was his own, and it is truly "inimitable." In the rendering of a type, an expression, an action, clearly and firmly, with the slightest exaggeration, yet with a distinctly humorous flavor, he is a really great artist. Although one of the most voluminous contributors to a "comic paper," he was never a caricaturist. His humor is of the fine and serious sort, and may be compared to that of Thackeray in literature. As "documents" for the future student of English middle-class life in the nineteenth century, his drawings will be invaluable. Nor must his skill as a landscape draughtsman be forgotten. His backgrounds are often even more wonderful than his figures, and the way in which wide stretches of country with all their characteristics, and with the sun and wind upon them, are rendered by a few lines and touches, is truly admirable and amazing.

The illustrations in the present volume are not always well chosen, and there is too much of preliminary sketching and scrawling, and not enough of the finished work; but to those who know Keene only from the totally inadequate wood-engraving of *Punch*, they will indeed, as Mr. Layard says, prove "nothing short of a revelation" of the great artist that Charles Keene was.

The Modern Odyssey; or, Ulysses Up to Date. With thirty-one illustrations in collotype. Cassell & Co.

"Ulysses up to date!" Up to what date? No year of date is given in all the volume from first to last. The earliest instance of a date by the day of the month is the author's departure from Honolulu, August 6, and the last instance of that sort is February 16, the day on which he reached Calcutta. In this regard the traveller clearly imitated the fox who ran into his hole and then pulled the hole in after him. But a globe-trotter must leave some telltale traces. Ulysses says that he shipped at San Francisco in July, on the same steamer with Queen Kapiolani. Chroniclers of notable events show that this Queen had landed there on April 20, 1887, on her way to Victoria's jubilee a month later. Now if the Pacific Queen thought nothing else worth seeing after the British pageant, she may have been on the home-stretch within six weeks afterwards. Our hero's wanderings then began in 1887—or a year later if the Ocean Queen deferred her return so long. The reason for thus covering up dates is not apparent. It sometimes gives a traveller a chance to dodge critics, but it oftener opens a weak side for attacks from those who infer his date from his title-page or other circumstantial evidence. Accordingly some readers will think that Ulysses must have put Puck's girdle round the globe before the year 1875, for his collotype of the Acropolis at Athens shows the Frank tower at the entrance, which Schliemann demolished in that year, still standing.

The modern Ulysses caught his love of travel from his ancient namesake. He had studied Greek enough to find the 'Odyssey' no longer "a drilled dull lesson," but the first and best

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of romances. In a circumgyration of a year and a day, *visere gestiens*, he skimmed off the cream of five continents and no drop tasted sour. No wreck or even storm, or quarantine, or railroad catastrophe, or other "swift illapse of accident disastrous." Occasionally he met a Circe, or rather Nausicaa, but no Scylla and Charybdis. Only one of the Americans he encountered could he compare to Polyphemus. His sojourns were usually, like that of the wave-worn pilgrim, among hospitable Phæacians, and the last stages of both in hastening home were on a sleeping-car.

The modern Ulysses went with the sun—saw something of the Atlantic slopes, both ours and the Canadian; went westward by the Canadian line; dropped down to San Francisco by water, and so steamed to New Zealand, calling at Honolulu. In that Australian outlier he saw the geyser region, met a Cantab friend, and was then off for Tasmania. Passing to the mainland, he was in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, and thence by a voyage of twenty-five days arrived in Hong Kong. After a flying trip to Japan we find him in Calcutta, lingering in cities of the Great Moguls, and from Bombay embarking for Ismailia. Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople interested him, but not, perhaps, more than Sebastopol and Belgrade. Finding at Buda-Pesth that he could reach London in forty hours, he did so.

Our traveller had little in common with that chronic grumbler, the Homeric Ulysses; but then he had nothing to grumble about except an insult to his deck-chair. His greatest hardship was jolting in a hack over New York pavements—a torture to which he feelingly alludes in New Zealand, Jeypoor, and Melbourne as more barbarous than anything in any civilized city. Whatever our Ulysses saw he made a note of. Many of his phrases—as where he terms an ex-President an extinct volcano, a pagoda a pile of hats, the Southern Cross as in shape a schoolboy's kite, and Long Island a whale stranded off New York—must stick in the memories of his readers, as perhaps stuck in his own that phrase of Lowell's in "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," "his old hats, . . . piled like a black pagoda under his dressing-table." His eye for color is as keen as a mosaic worker's who can distinguish 17,000 nuances. His word-pictures of "September foliage in Vermont" are worthy of Ruskin; but at that season Ulysses was not in Vermont. Chronology convicts him of an alibi at the antipodes. On September 1 he was in New Zealand in "the comfort of Christ Church Club." Yet no Vermonter has so well set forth what he pronounces to be "absolutely the most beautiful sight in the world." From this instance we are led to suspect other alibis in cases where the absence of dates makes it impossible to prove them.

Careless statements of fact are too frequent. Thus, we read: "The system of laying out a city in blocks was only adopted west of India within the memory of living persons." Ulysses must be old indeed if he can remember the laying out of Philadelphia. Ulysses gives many good etymologies, but what he says as to the origin of Lachine contradicts Parkman and chronology. He speaks of Michigan as one of the Eastern States, says that Chicago's population is over a million, and yet reckons Brooklyn the third city in the Union. "The Dutch possessions in the Malay archipelago" are said to be "of recent acquisition." The fact is that they began in 1596, and were large before England had even one trading-post in India. "Ticonderoga," says Ulysses, "was held by a British garrison until the close of the Revolutionary War." It was really held by the British no more than four months during that contest, and was given up four years before Cornwallis gave up Yorktown. The chapel at West Point is declared the only place in the world in which such a trophy as a captured British color may be found. Some were, however, shown in St. Petersburg to the writer of these lines, and such trophies were numerous in Paris till the fall of the first Napoleon. "The only existing monument on which the defeat of a British fleet is recorded" is stated to be in Cleveland. Had the writer visited the Plattsburg cemetery he might have seen another. Indeed, he does himself say that "a British fleet was defeated there," but his account of that place may have been evolved, like that of autumnal Vermont, from his internal consciousness. The remark that "Washington is included in the long list of capitals in various parts of the world which have been occupied or taken during the present century by British troops," cannot nowadays vex Americans. It is atoned for by the author's doubt whether the growth of Washington is more impeded by Congressional members or by mosquitoes. But arrogance is natural in a traveller who, while swinging round the great circle, is always on English ships, in English colonies, or in countries which English commerce and the English language hold in a sort of subjugation, by bonds lighter than air but stronger than iron.

La Débâcle. Par Émile Zola. Paris: Charpentier; New York: Westermann. [*The Downfall.* Cassell Publishing Co.]

It is so unusual an occurrence for M. Zola to publish a book of which much good may be said, that there is a chance of its not being praised as it deserves. The writer has got a bad name, and most deservedly so. He has wilfully and of malice prepense plunged into the vilest scenes and dragged his reader with him. What has made the judicious grieve all the more is the undoubted power of the man; there are many pages, even in his worst books, which are simply superb. In 'Germinal,' the scene where the troops are assailed by the mob of strikers is, barring the abundance of gross coarseness and so-called realism, one of the most forceful ever penned, while the description of the sunset over Paris, in 'L'Œuvre,' is a simply beautiful bit of descriptive writing. But who cares to wade through quantities of filth to pick up here and there a gem? It is to the author's credit that in 'La Débâcle,' while he has not wholly freed himself from the shackles of his besetting sin of disgusting sensuality and crude language, he has largely avoided it—rather, perhaps, been so carried away by his subject as temporarily to forget his propensity.

The book, in its construction, reminds one, oddly enough, of Corneille's 'Horace.' The first part is intensely interesting, notwithstanding a superfluity of detail akin to Victor Hugo's; the second part is as awkwardly joined on as the fourth and fifth acts of the tragedy, and with less excuse. The first part is the story of Sedan, with all its attendant horrors, miseries, and despair. The second is a wild and rather incoherent rush from the time of the Emperor's capitulation and surrender to the fall of the Commune. This latter portion may practically be left out of consideration; it is in every way inferior to the former, in which M. Zola, handling a theme which calls out his best qualities and his greatest powers, almost deserves the epithet of epic poet which some of his too ardent admirers claim for him. He shows the French army setting forth in undoubting assurance of speedy victory, and rapidly disintegrating, falling to pieces, melting away, a prey to panicky terrors, to unreasoning, mutinous spirit, to mistrust of incompetent chiefs, to hatred of the Emperor, who, pale-faced, wan-eyed, ghastly as a spectre, passes now and then across the bloody stage. The brilliant bravery of the French troops under most disheartening circumstances, the terrible encounters in which all the brutality and atrocity of war are seen, the steady purpose of the German host relentlessly closing in upon the doomed army, the horrors of Bazeilles, the desperate defence of Weiss's house, the return of Weiss's wife, her arrival at the moment when her husband is shot down by the victors, the hideous scenes in ambulances and hospitals, the mad efforts to break through the circle of fire, and the hopeless falling back of the shattered and decimated regiments—all this is told with consummate power, and justifies the praise awarded to the writer who has succeeded in drawing so vivid, so forcible, so poignant a picture of the days of doom and distress. That it has all been told before is true; but it has not been told as M. Zola tells it. Here, in spite of the mass of detail, we have real composition, a grouping of facts and events—a piece of artistic work, in a word. Marred, it has already been said, too often by the unhappy tendencies of the author, by mannerisms of style, particularly antithesis, by extraneous and unnecessary episodes, by assumption of knowledge and intuition on the part of privates which not only is not realistic but is actually impossible, 'La Débâcle,' maugre all faults, stands out as Zola's best and strongest work up to the present time.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

An Englishman in Paris. 2 vols. Appletons.
Apgar, A. C. Trees of the Northern United States. American Book Co. $1.
Austen, Jane. Emma. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros. $2.50.
Austen, Jane. Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Besant, Walter. Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, and Other Stories. Harpers. 50 cents.
Black, W. Three Feathers. New and revised ed. Harpers. 90 cents.
Burt, Mary E. The Story of the German Iliad. Effingham Maynard & Co.
Castle, Egerton. "La Bella," and Others. Appletons. $1.
Chadwick, F. E. Temperament, Disease and Health. Putnams. 75 cents.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. Aunt Anne. Harpers. $1.25.
Couperus, Louis. Footsteps of Fate. Appletons.
Crommelin, May. For the Sake of the Family. Hovendon Co. $1.
Daintrey, Laura. Actæon. Hovendon Co. $1.
Daremberg, G. Traitement de la Phtisie Pulmonaire. 2 vols. Paris: J. Rueff & Cie.
Dougall, Miss L. Beggars All. Longmans, Green & Co.
Equitable Taxation: Six Essays. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
Fewkes, J. W. A Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ford, P. L. Essays on the Constitution of the United States published during its Discussion by the People, 1787–88. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Historical Printing Club. $5.
Ford, W. C. The Writings of George Washington. Vol. XIII. Putnams. $5.
Freeley, Mary B. Fair to Look Upon. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.
Garland, Hamlin. A Little Norsk; or, Ol' Pap's Flaxen. Appletons.
Gerard, Dorothea. Etelka's Vow. Appletons.
Green, Anna K. Cynthia Wakeham's Money. Putnams. 50 cents.
Griswold, W. M. A Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Life in France. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.
Hall, Henry. Ethan Allen, the Robin Hood of Vermont. Appletons.
Heilprin, Louis. The Historical Reference Book, 3d ed., revised. Appletons.
Henry, Arthur. Nicholas Blood, Candidate. 2d ed. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
Hoffman, B. B. The Sloyd System of Wood Working. American Book Co. $1.

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Howells, W. D. A Letter of Introduction. Harpers. 50 cents.
Hudson, W. H. The Naturalist in La Plata. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Appletons.
Hull, Edward. Volcanoes, Past and Present. London; Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Hutton, Laurence. From the Books of Laurence Hutton. Harpers. $1.
Streeter, E. W. Precious Stones and Gems. 5th ed. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $6.
Suess, Eduard. Die Zukunft des Silbers. Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumiller; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Thomas, Rev. Reuen. Leaders of Thought in the Modern Church. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Tinseau, Léon de. Thérèse de Quilliane. John Ireland. 50 cents.
Toynbee, Paget. Specimens of Old French. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Trollope, Frances E. That Wild Wheel. Harpers. $1.50.
Whittle, Rev. W. A. A Baptist Abroad. J. A. Hill & Co.
Whyte-Melville, G. J. Sarchedon: A Legend of the Great Queen. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cents.
Wilkins, Mary E. Young Lucretia, and Other Stories. Harpers. $1.25.
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